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THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS

THE Colonial Secretary has delivered an ultimatum to Palestinian Jewry. Its importance is its effect not on the fate of the two hostages captured by the Irgun, but on the general situation in Palestine. Will it strengthen the hands of the Agency leaders and encourage the man in the street to co-operate with the British? We doubt it.

The Jews are in a vice. On the one side they are gripped by the Army and the Police, who exercise completely autocratic powers in the name of a "White Paper Government." On the other, they are increasingly terrorised by the Irgun, whose methods they fear and detest but with whose objects they cannot but sympathise. To co-operate with the British is to risk death at the hands of the Irgun; to tolerate the Irgun involves "ruthless repression" by General Barker. It is Ireland all over again—Black and Tans and I.R.A. at war over the body of a trapped people, whose moderate leaders can only re-assert their authority if the British Government makes up its mind.

While Palestine shudders on the edge of catastrophe, the London conference continues on its languid way. From its start last autumn it could only be explained as a method of postponing a decision. Since 1937, when the Royal Commission pronounced the Mandate unworkable, it has been known that an agreed solution between Jews and Arabs is impossible and that the British Government must sooner or later impose a settlement. For ten years the choice has lain between an Arab solution along the lines of the White Paper and a Partition plan which creates an independent Jewish Commonwealth in part of Palestine. When 14 months ago Mr. Bevin announced that he had staked his career on finding a fair solution, it was hoped that he would use his great personal gifts to over-ride those obstructive officials who have always opposed any settlement tolerable to the Jews, and to impose Partition firmly and quickly. He has not done so. Despite the fact that the United States Government is ready to throw its full weight behind this solution, the Cabinet still procrastinates—and by so doing plays directly into the hands of the terrorists whom it denounces. Every day of conference in London is a victory for the Irgun and defeat for the moderates.

It is not understood in this country how directly British policy—or the lack of it—has been responsible for the growth of terrorism. The Cabinet's refusal to accept the unanimous report of the Anglo-American Committee was followed by an attempt to crush not the terrorists but the Haganah. The Haganah, which has always followed the political lead of the Jewish Labour Party and Trade Union leaders, was founded with British consent to protect the Jews during the Arab revolt. It was armed by the British Army and co-operated loyally with it during the war. After V.E. day, despite the failure of the Government to fulfil its election pledge, it continued firmly to oppose the semi-fascist activities of the Irgun, which it rightly regarded as the deadliest enemy of Jewish social democracy, and it was ready to co-operate in enforcing Partition, though it realised that this would involve civil war against the Irgun.

Yet it was the Haganah which was selected last summer for suppression by General Barker. Its leaders were arrested in hundreds and a few of its arms caches were seized. The Irgun was left free to blow up the King David Hotel.

Since then the strength of the Jewish moderates has been steadily decreasing. Even when imprisoned without charge, they continued to advise patience and to hope that a Labour Government would impose a just solution. But the Cabinet's actions always seemed to contradict these hopes and to confirm the view of the Irgun that violence, which achieved the White Paper for the Arabs, is the only language the British understand. By his personal influence the Colonial Secretary has done what he could to produce an atmosphere of conciliation. But his efforts have been hamstrung by his failure to obtain from his colleagues in the Cabinet the decision which is required.

What is the cause of this policy of delay? Does the Foreign Secretary really think that at the last moment he will achieve an agreed solution from the Palestinian representatives of the Mufti who are now in London? Or has he succumbed to the blandishments of those officials who secretly believe that by "keeping the situation fluid" they can create a situation in which the Jews will put themselves in the wrong? Can he have accepted the view that, after a period of ruthless military repression, a solution acceptable to the Arab League might be imposed upon a broken people? We refuse to believe it.

Yet there is no doubt that this Machiavellian plan has been in the minds of certain senior officers and civil servants ever since the Government took office. Concerned exclusively with strategic interests, they regard the National Home as an obstacle to the formation of an Arab anti-Bolshevik bloc. They have been scheming for a "showdown" with the Jews which would render Partition unnecessary.

If such a plan were formally proposed in the Cabinet, it would be summarily dismissed. But there is no need to propose it. It can be realised, simply enough, by continually finding new reasons for postponing a decision. An imposed solution is anyhow repugnant to democratic politicians; and it is not difficult for experienced officials to dissuade them from making up their minds.

Here is part at least of the explanation of the Cabinet's procrastination. Chronically misled by advice from Cairo and from the Middle Eastern Command, it has drifted from one crisis to another in the delusion that an agreed solution would be found round the next corner. Eighteen months ago Partition could have been imposed with no bloodshed. The Irgun was still insignificant and the Palestine Arabs unarmed. Now, as the result of the effort to suppress it, the Irgun is a powerful secret army; and two Arab illegal forces have been organised. To impose Partition now will cost British, Jewish and Arab lives.

Yet imposed it must be—and quickly. Left to shoot it out, the Irgun and General Barker will destroy any chance of conciliation and lay Palestine in ruins. If this were to happen, the responsibility will be shared between the fanatics in Palestine and the men in London who talked until it was too late.

Deadlock in Egypt

By keeping the situation "fluid" in Palestine, the Government increased the difficulty of reaching agreement with Egypt. Reporting on the breakdown of the negotiations, Mr. Bevin rightly emphasised our responsibility for the Sudanese, who would undoubtedly suffer if the administration were transferred to Egypt. But every Egyptian politician is aware that strategic considerations weigh as heavily as political, and that Sudan and Kenya will take on an added importance, if conditions in Palestine rule out its use as a military base. There is little doubt that a new treaty would have been signed by now—including a satisfactory formula for the Sudan—if Mr. Bevin had made up his mind on Palestine, and if our representatives in Cairo had not played so crudely on the upper-class Egyptians' fears of "Bolshevism" in order to persuade them to accept joint measures of defence against Russian aggression. By nature timid, the Egyptians have been overawed by the Russian bogy. Their reaction has been to avoid any military commitments and to suspect strategic implications even in our genuine desire to protect the rights of the Sudanese. Another factor which contributed to the breakdown was the exclusion of the Wafd from the Cabinet. By negotiating with two minority governments, supposedly friendly to Britain, we actually forced up the Egyptian demands, since the majority parties outside the Cabinet could not resist the temptation to exploit nationalist sentiment by assailing the "betrayals" of Sidky and Nokrashy Pasha. But it would be wrong to suppose, as Mr. Bevin seemed to suggest, that any Egyptian party could give way on the principle of the unity of the Nile Valley.

Burma Agreement

The Burmese degelates combine to praise the realism and understanding of the British Ministers with whom they have reached a very satisfactory agreement. It means that the Burmese people will have their own government, including Ministers responsible for the administration of defence and foreign affairs; that they will elect a fully competent constituent assembly, and will decide for themselves whether independent Burma will be within or without the British Commonwealth. The difficult frontier problem about which the British are especially concerned both for strategic reasons and for their especial gratitude to the hill peoples, is to be decided later and by consent. The future of Burma now depends on the Burmese. We may take it for granted that the Anti-Fascist League, headed by Aung San (who has personal control of its army), will ratify the agreement, but it may be opposed by both the two rival Communist Parties. It must be noted that both U Saw (Prime Minister until the Japanese came into the war) and Thakin Ba Sein, who is also head of a political party, have not signed the agreement and will presumably oppose it in Burma. Their attitude probably reflects, not so much a difference of political principle, as the continuance of those personal rivalries which have always been a main feature of Burmese politics.

Britain and Poland

The British and American Governments will presumably endorse Mikolajczyk's protest against the conduct of the Polish elections. The Polish Government, if it is wise, will frankly admit that its standard of fairness is rather that common in Eastern Europe and the Southern States of the U.S. than that expected in Britain. There is terror and counter-terror in Poland, and the conditions of completely "free elections" did not exist. Having made their protest, what more can the Western Governments do? First, we suggest, make clear that we are not, as so many Poles believe, still supporting groups of Poles who plan again to plunge their country into civil and international war. We are glad to notice that M.P.s are increasingly showing, by their questions to the Foreign Secretary, that they are alive to the scandalous privileges still allowed, or usurped by, the former Polish Government. Without any shadow of legal justification, the officers of General Anders still continue to arrest, court-martial and imprison Poles in this country. The Anders' Poles still obtain enough newsprint to supply Poles here with three daily papers, four weeklies and numerous other periodicals and bulletins. The Resettlement Corps maintains, under the War Office, military formation, and the Interim Treasury Committee, which is supposed to be winding up the affairs of the Polish emigré government, maintains 400 officials! Britain has not yet followed the example of the United States in returning the 10 million pounds of gold that belongs to the Polish Government. If we wish to aid, as we should, the pro-Western sentiments of many Polish patriots, we should lose no time in clearing up this grave scandal.

Mr. Jinnah's Private Army

The outlook in India, already far from promising, has been overclouded still further by the weak and clumsy action of the Punjab Coalition Government. Alarmed by the growth of private communal armies on both sides, it raided the headquarters in Lahore, both of the Hindu formation and of the National Guard promoted by the Muslim League. At the latter, where the police met with resistance, 1,000 steel helmets were found, with spears and other arms, and eight Muslim leaders were arrested, among them the heads of some of the chief feudal families of the province, Sir Firoz Khan Noon, the Nawab of Mamdot and the Begum Shah Nawaz. As was to be expected, violent demonstrations followed in the streets, while furious protests were made by two Muslim Members of the Central Government (or should we call it the Viceroy's Council?) and by Mr. Jinnah, who called on the Viceroy to interfere. Did he do so? Whatever influences were at work, the eight leaders were released after 48 hours' detention, with a public apology from the Punjab Premier. After that, renewed confusion ensued. Processions of protest, led by a Member of the Viceroy's Council, continued, in spite of the ban upon them, and most of the Muslim leaders were re-arrested. On the other hand, the Provincial Government announced the lifting of the veto on the National Guard and its Hindu counterpart. In short, the League has triumphantly vindicated its right to recruit a private army. It looks as if complete chaos prevailed at the Centre. For example, a police raid was made simultaneously in eight provinces, two weeks ago, on the presses and offices of the Communist Party, and documents were seized on which it is said that a charge of fomenting communal strife will be based. Who planned and synchronised this action? Mr. Patel, the Home Member, denies all knowledge of it.

The Industrial Organisation Bill

Sir Stafford Cripps's Industrial Organisation Bill is a much less forthright measure than many people had hoped. The Development Councils for particular industries, of which it authorises the establishment (but not without affirmative resolutions in each case from both Houses of Parliament), are not to be endowed with any compulsory powers; nor does the Bill confer any powers of industrial regulation in the Government itself, beyond the power to register firms as belonging to the industries concerned, to require certain statistical information, and to collect presumably small levies to meet the costs of the Council's operations. Here is, in effect, an attempt to develop the technique of the Working Party, of which Sir Stafford was the initiator, and to secure collaborative action between employers and workers in particular industries, with the assistance of independent persons, on an essentially voluntary basis. The functions assigned to the proposed Development Councils are indeed very wide; and a great deal could be done under their auspices, though for the most part not directly by them, if the will were present. Their ability, however, actually to make use of the wide enabling powers contained in the Bill appears to depend absolutely on the assent of all parties; and it is difficult to believe that they will get far with most of the functions potentially accorded to them unless the Government is in a position to exercise some sort of control.

The Transport Workers' Victory

It is too plain a fact for it to be worth anyone's while to deny it that the settlement of the transport strike last week-end gave the strikers most of what they had been demanding—and, further, that they would not have got what they did get unless they had struck. It is to be hoped that the moral will not be too widely drawn; for the country can ill afford such hold-ups, and a strike-wave under present conditions would be a national disaster. Nevertheless, in this instance, our sympathy was entirely with the strikers. They had been held up for an unconscionable time by the elaborate processes of negotiation under the Road Haulage Act; and after so much delay they had been offered a settlement which met none of their major—and very real—grievances. The moral is not that other workers—especially those who have not so good a case—should follow the strikers' example, but that it is high time for the entire system of collective bargaining, whether it is based on voluntary agreement or on statutory provision, to be overhauled and speeded up.

The World Food Board

Instead of his World's Food Board, Sir John Orr has got a World Food Council. This is the outcome of the 16-nation discussions which have been going on in Washington for the past four months. The difference is that there will not be a supra-national executive and trading authority, but a body of assessors, taking stock of the world food position, determining requirements and prices, and reporting to Governments their recommendations. Under Sir John's original conception, the World Food Board would have had funds of its own with which to deal in staple foods, to stabilise prices and to build up stocks. Apart from U.S. intransigence on the subject of supra-national trading (which almost wrecked the Commission at the outset) the experts examining the proposals found difficulties, at present insuperable, in creating a fund by contributions, in scarce currency, from member nations. They have, however, given Orr much of what he asked for—"Operation Joseph," a world food reserve gathered in the fat years against the famines of the lean years; an "ever-normal granary" through the stabilisation of farm-prices; and concession-prices by which needy nations can get, at cut-rates, the "gluts" which were previously destroyed. By international agreement "floor" and "ceiling" prices will be fixed. Nations, on quotas allocated by the World Food Council, will buy at floor-level and create their own buffer stocks. When prices rise above the agreed ceiling, under direction of the Council they will unload and counter speculative activity. This, without serious currency difficulties, should help to stabilise prices on normal yields. But the U.S., faced with enormous potential surpluses in the years beyond the present shortages, has insisted on being allowed to dispose of such surpluses at rates below the stabilised prices. Britain, as a major importing country, was uneasy of the cut-price system, which producer countries might tend to subsidise by forcing up the general price-level; but under safeguards, it was agreed that surplus countries could provide concession-rates to countries which the Council decided had proved need, and which were prepared to apply food thus obtained to raising the nutrition of their under-privileged and to guarantee that it would not be black-marketed. Apart from the strong moral sanction of the Food Council's priority, this still leaves a loophole : a producer country may choose to feed its friends, for political reasons. Famine-stocks will be held primarily by producer countries. These will be "emergency rations" held for immediate disposal on the demand by the World Food Council. The emergency will be met first and questions of finance or replenishment will be discussed afterwards. The Wheat Council is now in session considering measures to give effect to the decisions in terms of the world's chief staple food. With all its qualifications, Orr has reason for his satisfaction at having redeemed so much from the threatened collapse of four months ago. With America frightened by prospective surpluses and the U.S.S.R., which has not so far participated, confronted by a serious drought, circumstances may give reality to Orr's world food plan more quickly than anyone dared to hope.

PARLIAMENT: Warmers-up

Wednesday

The Parliamentary pot has been simmering gently for the last week, apart from an angry bubble or two from Boyd-Carpenter and an occasional fizz from Sir Waldron Smithers. What occupies the minds of most Members is less the ferment which the Town and Country Planning and the Nationalisation of Electrical Undertakings Bills create than anxiety about the economic condition of the country.

A foretaste of the Socialist counterattack, should the Tories convert this issue into a Vote of Censure, was given by Geoffrey Bing, who raised on the Adjournment the question of the supply of British Iron and Steel Federation houses, charging the steel industrialists and their contractors with "muddle, confusion and incompetence." Bing, former Whip and Front Bench mute, is by far the wittiest speaker of the Parliamentary Labour Party. To a normally detailed and careful documentation, he adds a Woosterish aplomb, unshaken even when, while attacking (as he thought) Sir Andrew Duncan, he was informed that the object of his lashing irony was, in fact, a rarely observed and harmless Tory who had just dropped in.

Barbara Castle seconded Bing with enthusiasm and knowledge, leaving George Ward, the Tory Member for Worcester, with a difficult case for the B.I.S.F. His reply to Bing's main charges was inadequate; beneath his iron and steel glove was a velvet fist.

Compared with this debate, the Second Reading of the Malta (Reconstruction) Bill was rather like shadow boxing. Socialists as well as Tories who opposed a lump-sum payment for Malta's war-damage were eager that Britain's pledge to restore Malta should be fulfilled. For the Tories, Brigadier Mackeson, Commander Noble and Oliver Stanley, who gave the pledge, made a well-reasoned case for clearing up an obscurity as to whether the lump sum was to be a final payment. Stanley described David Rees-Williams, a supporter of the Bill, as the Colonial Secretary's Sancho Panza. Rees-Williams didn't disclaim the association with the most enlightened Colonial Secretary in Colonial history. For the second time recently (the last time on India) Sir Stanley Reed showed an understanding that the Government's problems are also the nation's problems without seeking, like Gammans, to make a Party point irrespective of the secondary consequences.

While the Agricultural Bill was having a quiet passage in the Commons, the Lords were catching up on Foreign Affairs. Lord Schuster, who opened the debate on Austria and the South Tyrol, was horrified to find that the Minister responsible for the British Zones occupied a minor Government position. In particular, the Lords deplored the cession of convenience of the South Tyrol to Italy. This debate was a useful reminder to the Commons that Austria exists, and that her affairs, overshadowed by those of Germany, should still command our attention.

Best speech of the week was the Master of Balliol's in the House of Lords, on China. He was unnecessarily apologetic for telling the plain truth about Nanking and Yenan. But he told it.

PHINEAS MINOR

MR. BEVAN'S BRASS TACKS

In the Housing Programme for 1947, issued this week by the Ministry of Health, there is little trace of the fine, careless rapture with which promises of building were poured from the Coalition cornucopia. Mr. Bevan has got down to brass tacks. Accepting, at any rate by implication, the fact that there are many obstructive anachronisms in the organisation and practices of the building industry, and admitting that the figure of houses under construction at the end of last year gave an exaggerated picture of activity, since it included many projects in which progress had not gone beyond clearing the site, the Minister has now set about framing a simple equation: x building operatives plus y materials equal, or should equal, z houses. The resulting figure is reasonably encouraging. During this year, it is estimated, the building industry should complete 60,000 temporary and 240,000 permanent houses, of which 190,000 will be constructed by local authorities, 15,000 will represent the rebuilding of war-destroyed dwellings and 35,000 will be erected under licence on private account. Since this forecast of permanent house-building represents a fourfold increase on the rate of completion during 1946, and exceeds the rate attained in any one of the first ten years after World War I, there is little ground for complaining that, on the basis of his assumptions, Mr. Bevan has set his sights too low. The real question is whether the product of the equation may not fail to materialise through shortcomings in one or other of the determining factors on its left-hand side.

So far as labour is concerned, Mr. Bevan bases his calculations on the assumption that, in 1947, the building and civil engineering industries will have at their disposal approximately one million adult male workers, of whom about 600,000 should be available for tasks of all kinds connected with housing. The proposed allocation of 40 per cent of the total labour force to "other" priority construction jobs, such as factories, electricity schemes and schools, strikes a fair balance between competitive national needs. Within the housing force itself, it is expected that about half the available man-power can be assigned in 1947 to the construction of new permanent houses—a proportion which compares with roughly one-third so employed in the last quarter of 1946. This increased concentration of labour on new construction is being secured partly because the volume of bomb-repair work is diminishing, and partly through the tightening up of licences for maintenance and renovation. It is, however, emphasised in the White Paper that normal repairs cannot be cut down beyond a certain limit without causing wasteful deterioration of properties.

Such is the man-power assumption. Nothing is said in the White Paper about overcoming the present serious difficulty of extreme immobility in the building labour force—and this is one of the biggest problems that Mr. Bevan has to face—nor is any mention made of the possibility of providing greater incentives to increased output per man. The inference is rather that, in the Ministry's opinion, a housing force totalling 300,000, but including (through the intensive use of training centres) a steadily growing proportion of skilled operatives, should be sufficient for the job in view. Indeed, the White Paper suggests that Mr. Bevan is painfully conscious of the danger that even this labour force may be in excess of the other component in the equation—the supply of building materials.

In so far as materials and components produced in this country are concerned, it is noted that there was a satisfactory increase in output during the closing months of 1946, though the margin of supplies in relation to needs is still narrow in the case of electrical equipment, soil pipes, baths and stoves—a reflection of the critical labour shortage in more than one branch of industry. Further efforts are promised to secure additional recruitment for the supplying trades, so that an adequate float of materials can be held by builders' merchants; and as much use as possible will be made of substitute materials. But there is a warning note in the White Paper that all the estimates of the availability of home-produced supplies may be upset by shortage of coal. Much more serious, however, is the outlook for certain imported materials such as lead for plumbing, linseed oil for paint and, above all, soft wood. Last year's imports of soft-wood timber were little more than one-third of the normal pre-war intake; and, though reference is made to the possibility of obtaining in 1947 further sources of supply—for instance, Germany—in addition to Russia and Scandinavia, the White Paper states bluntly that, "so far, it has not been found possible to arrange for any increased supplies" for the current year.

In short, Mr. Bevan has had to set up his target within a framework of acute and unresolved shortages, with the accent laid heavily on scarcity of materials as a limiting factor. So far as materials and components of British manufacture are concerned, it seems doubtful whether reliance should be placed exclusively on the present tightening-up of "other work" as a means of preventing diversion to unauthorised and unnecessary uses. Except in the case of timber, the present control of builders' materials is loose and ineffective; and Mr. Bevan will have full public support—provided that he makes a clear statement of his reasons—if he can devise and introduce a rationing system for builders' supplies. As for imported materials, notably timber, the conclusion is irresistible that a first priority for the Board of Trade must be to negotiate with the U.S.S.R. an agreement for the procurement by Britain, on the largest possible scale, of Russian, Baltic and Finnish soft woods. Unless this is done, and done quickly, there is an obvious danger of the whole housing programme breaking down in confusion.

Mr. Bevan, in fact, makes it only too clear in this White Paper that he is not the Commander-in-Chief of a military operation. He is dependent, in the first place, on other Ministries and on the collective decisions of the Cabinet. Unless there is a radical speeding up of demobilisation, and unless wages and working conditions are made more attractive in housing supply industries, it is difficult to be optimistic about his ability to secure a flow of materials commensurate even with his predicted labour force. Moreover, even if the worst bottlenecks in supply—with all their demoralising effects upon the building operatives who waste their time in consequence—can be overcome, Mr. Bevan will still be dependent on agencies which he may exhort but cannot compel. His instruments, administrative and psychological, are still far from perfect.

He has set a target which he thinks that the building industry can "reasonably be expected" to hit. The Government cannot afford a miss, even though it might be possible to lay the blame on factors outside its control. More, therefore, may have yet to be done to reinsure against the possibility of the housing programme being let down by the building industry itself. If the trade unions are to be asked—and we think they should be asked—to agree, under suitable guarantees of minimum weekly hours and take-home pay, to a system of bonuses for output, then the contractors can fairly be required to work out methods whereby the resources of small firms can be more effectively pooled, present "trade practice" obstacles in the way of sub-contracting removed, and steps taken to prevent the diversion of men to more profitable "other work" at the expense of local authorities' contracts. The greater the shortage of our housing resources, the greater the need for their concentration on priority tasks. It may be too late at this stage to nationalise the building industry, but its rationalisation remains an urgent necessity.

BRITISH MISSIONS AND GREEK QUISLINGS

The instruments of British policy in Greece today are the Police, Army and Economic Missions. Their directives and policies are carried out by Greek police chiefs and Ministers of Supply who seek to sustain the fiction that the policies which they enunciate are their own. Usually the position of the Missions is strong, since it is to Anglo-American aid alone that Greece looks for her economic rehabilitation; and there is little danger of any Greek police or army chief or Minister of Supply proving recalcitrant. For the British connection is—outside the circles of the Left, the Sophoulis Liberals, and the Left-Wing Agrarian Party of M. Gavrielides—the only political asset which they possess.

The Police Mission is led by Sir Charles Wickham who, after service in the Intervention against Russia later served in the Royal Ulster Constabulary. He is responsible for the training and reorganisation of the Greek police and prison system. Owing to the appalling behaviour of the Metaxas gendarmerie during the German Occupation, M. Papandreou as Prime Minister publicly pledged their abolition in October, 1944, before he re-entered Athens, and agreement for their abolition had in fact been agreed by the Greek Government and their British advisers in Cairo. Advantage was taken, however, of the revulsion of feeling after the atrocities of December, 1944, to avoid these pledges, and Sir Charles Wickham was entrusted with the reorganisation of the gendarmerie. After a year's work by the Mission every report on Greece has stressed this force's partiality. Purged successively of its better elements, first by Metaxas and then by the Germans, no figures have been made available as to the number of gendarmes expelled on reorganisation for collaboration and allied offences. The numbers are, however, negligible. As for the police force itself, Sir Charles has himself told visiting Members of Parliament that no known member of the former E.A.M. police can today become a member of the Greek police force. This ban does not however apply to old members of the X or other Right-Wing Extremist Organisations.

The small number of policemen dismissed for their Occupation and Metaxas records is explained away as being governed by decisions of Greek Boards; Greeks take those decisions which, if taken by British officials, might lead to repercussions at home. This is most clearly seen in the working of the British Military Mission, whose task is the training and equipping of three Infantry Divisions and one Tank Brigade. Although we have granted equipment to the value of £11 million sterling for the Army and Security services plus a loan of £10 million for economic reconstruction (significant figures surely !), and wiped out a general indebtedness of £45 million, the Greeks have not been able to assume responsibility for the upkeep of their Army as from January, 1946, as planned, owing to the absence of anything even resembling economic recovery. We have consequently agreed to be responsible in greater part for the maintenance of the Greek Army until March 1st, 1947.

Questions in the House, culminating in a letter from the Foreign Office, reveal the staggering fact that after one and a half year's work by the B.M.M. 228 former members of the German armed Quisling Security Battalions now hold active service commissions in the Greek Army, whilst (as evidence of impartiality?) 191 ex-members of ELAS also hold commissions. These figures cannot be accepted without reserve, as there are good grounds for believing that the number of ex-collaborators now holding commissions is considerably higher than the figures of 228. Indeed, excluding ex-members of the Evzones Battalions and the Volunteer Battalion, Karditza, which acted as German Security forces during the Occupation, the number has been listed by the Left (with names and units provided) at around 1,000. But even if one takes the Foreign Office figures, Greece remains the one country in Europe outside Spain whose Army contains in positions of authority a greater number of ex pro-Nazis and collaborators than those identified with the Resistance. And if the 228 were actually members of the S.B.s, how many more officers must have been at best acquiescent during the Occupation?

The Foreign Office states that the appointments were made:

> By special Boards . . . in the light of their military record and efficiency during the war, and of their freedom from complicity in criminal or anti-national acts.

When it was pointed out to the Foreign Office that Papandreou in August, 1944, had denounced the Security Battalions as "treasonable organisations, membership of which will henceforth be treated as an anti-national act," and that even during the spring of 1944 they had, as a result of the Plaka Agreement, similarly been denounced by G.H.Q., M.E.F., and the question put as to how these decisions of the Greek Military Boards tallied with Allied condemnations, the F.O. replied on October 15th last:

> We do not possess details of the tests applied by these Boards which were, of course, entirely Greek. . . . The fact that any individual belonged to the S.B. was not in itself considered a disqualification for further service in the Greek Forces. Among the factors which were taken into account by the Boards were the motives which induced individuals to join the S.B.s. . . . No doubt also, the individual conduct of each officer was taken into account. Furthermore the great need of the liberated Greek State for trained military personnel must have influenced the Greek Authorities. As regards your question as to whether denunciations of the Security Battalions issued by the Greek Authorities in the Middle East were taken into account, I can provide no certain answer. The lenient attitude of the Boards is certainly somewhat surprising in view of the condemnation of the Security Battalions both by the Greek Government and by G.H.Q., Middle East, before the liberation of Greece. We do not feel, however, that we can properly intervene at this stage to question the discretion of these Greek Boards, to whose judgment the decision was entrusted with our concurrence.

This letter gives something of the unctuous and honeyed acquiescence with which the Foreign Office and the British Missions have generally regarded the leniency extended towards Greek collaborators of the Right. (Ten minutes after my arrival in Greece in August, 1944, I was told by the officer who met me near the beach off Kiparrissia—an officer of the Psychological Warfare Branch—that "all the best chaps in Greece are in the Security Battalions.") These Security Battalions were not only used for the hunting down and execution of Resistance men, but were also used to round up and organise the deportation of Jews from the Athens railway station to the extermination camps in the North.

This acquiescence by the British Missions after December, 1944, in the almost complete lack of sanctions against Greek collaborators has taken place in an atmosphere already heavily poisoned not only by the December Civil War but by five years of Fascist indoctrination under Metaxas, and by four years of anti-Slav and anti-Communist propaganda by the Nazis which has widely affected the middle and official classes.

So that today a political situation exists in which Rallis, the ex-Quisling Premier, can be buried with full military honours whilst a newly elected Right-wing Deputy, M. Tourkovassilis, delivers a eulogy from the graveside; in which, after posthumous promotion to Major General in August, 1945, a memorial service can be held in Athens with a full congregation—including Church dignitaries such as the Bishop of Gythion—to the memory of Dionyssius Papadongonas, Colonel of the Tripolis S.B. and author of a congratulatory telegram to Hitler on his escape from the bomb attack in July, 1944. Gonatas, who in March, 1945, admitted advising Greek officers to join the S.B.s, is now Vice-Premier, whilst Spiliotopoulis, who was a Colonel in the Gendarmerie during the Occupation, is now chief of the Greek Army General Staff. Not a single Quisling of officer status has yet been executed, whilst the British Legal Mission to Greece, after reporting unfavourably on the gaols containing Leftist prisoners, states:

> The one prison in respect of which no exception could be taken to the conditions was the Zeliotis prison in Athens, where those Greeks, including M. Rallis, who took office under the Germans and who have been sentenced as Quislings to imprisonment for life are detained. This prison consists of 11 rooms in a block of flats in Athens, in which a total of 27 such persons as aforesaid are detained. These persons enjoy considerable personal comforts, and such amenities as wireless sets and electric heaters. We were unable to ascertain any valid reason for such discrimination in their treatment.

The reverse of the picture is that the prisons of Greece so overflow with Leftist prisoners that disused factories and mansions have had to be improvised as gaols. Over 4,000 ex-Resistance men are now in exile on the islands, including the three most distinguished figures of the armed Resistance Movement, Generals Sarafis, Mandakis and Bakirdjis. Many, including women, have been executed. Twice Mr. Buell Maben, Chief of Greek Unrra Mission, has officially charged the Tsaldaris Government with withholding Unrra foodstuffs from political opponents, and with the misuse of Unrra supplies. *The Times*, on November 23rd last, stated that "There is abundant evidence that the special courts set up by recent legislation throughout the country in the interests of national security are administering a harsh law in a spirit of avowed partisanship." Since the liberation of Greece in October, 1944, not a single new factory has been built. Attempts have been made—so far without success—by the British Economic Mission and by Sir John Nixon, British representative on the Currency Control Commission, to ensure that the import of luxury goods should be suspended and that imports should be State-regulated. The recent Parliamentary delegation drew attention to the lack of any adequate system of taxation. At present, the rich in Athens can live virtually without paying any income tax. The Greek Government's vendetta against elected Trades Unionism has roused world comment.

Many of these scandals, in their grosser aspects at least, could have been avoided had the British Government brought stronger pressure to bear and made the grant of tanks, equipment, and army credits, conditional on the dismissal of known Quislings and the institution of a *general* call-up without a political test. Acquiescence by the Missions beyond a certain point is inevitably taken in Greece as a positive endorsement of Greek policy which, as the *Manchester Guardian* of January 6th states consists in "misuse of the Greek Army and gendarmerie, both newly organised and trained by British Missions, and turned into political instruments whose use does nothing to remove the real cause of the present troubles in Greece."

We have been concerned here with diagnosis; the remedy is a British Cabinet responsibility. But if the Foreign Secretary after one year and a half is now looking for the outlines of a policy for Greece, perhaps he will remember that two things are fundamental; first, that no economic recovery is possible for Greece until a Government exists which, by attempting some control over the richer black marketeering elements, and by attempting to ration and allocate priorities in place of the present individualistic chaos, will evoke some response and productive effort from the factory workers of Piraeus, Salonika, and other towns; secondly, that no political internal accord is possible while Resistance men are being hounded and collaborators are being commissioned. This is causing cynicism and bitterness, poisoning Greek political life, destroying the Centre Parties and so driving all Greeks to one of two extremes. We are exchanging the support of our old friends in the Venezilist and Socialist Parties (fast disintegrating in an atmosphere of reprisal and counter-reprisal) for the cheers of people who are only anxious that we should take up that role in relation to Russia which Nazi Germany with their support formerly attempted and failed to sustain. LYALL WILKES

A LONDON DIARY

"A VERY odd method of diplomatic approach," said a British official to me the other day, referring to the exchanges between Moscow and London about the Anglo-Soviet Treaty. "But if Moscow likes to open discussions with an attack in *Pravda* and end with a gloss by Tass, that ought not to worry us. If we can get better relations by further discussions we shall not lose the opportunity." I agree that the line of approach is odd, but I do not see why objection is taken to the Tass explanation that while the Anglo-American *Entente* is a reality confirmed by what amounts to a military alliance, the Anglo-Soviet Treaty is ill-defined. The key to the Russian point of view I take to be the Tass reminder that the Treaty includes an undertaking "to work jointly for the organisation of security and joint prosperity in Europe." That appears to be a strong hint that Moscow is prepared at the coming conference to discuss questions of "functional" co-operation in Germany. And that may be the beginning of sanity.

* * *

A shocking series of air crashes is enough to make people lose their sense of proportion about flying, to make them forget, for instance, that very many of the planes now used in civil aviation are Dakotas, and that most of these make their trips without incident. But two criticisms need to be seriously examined. The first is that the commercial airlines tend to overload their planes and the second that they keep ground service staffs to a minimum. A friend who has been flying since 1917 tells me that in the R.A.F., which had all the men and time needed to overhaul planes thoroughly, he never saw one plane lost through mechanical defects. He believes there should be a much higher standard of servicing for commercial aircraft, even if that means a larger ground staff than some airlines could easily afford. Other pilots have complained to me about the inadequacy of navigational and other aids to safety. These pilots are full of praise for the Dakota, but they look forward to flying in more modern aircraft which can, if necessary, continue to climb even if one engine fails when taking off. Everyone will echo Lord Nathan's dictum that safety is more important than speed.

* * *

I asked a British Intelligence Officer, just back from Germany, what he thought of the sensational conclusions published by the International Committee for the Study of European Questions on the secret reorganisation of the Nazi party. He replied, to my surprise, that the facts had been known for some months in the British Zone; the Nazis—mostly young S.S. men—had been permitted to go ahead but kept under the closest observation. The idea, I suppose, is to wait until the ramifications are fully known and the ringleaders can be rounded up. He added that very considerable stores of arms were being amassed. The report also gives details of large Nazi funds abroad, produces evidence that de-Nazification is at best only half-hearted, and concludes that "with the exception of a small minority of Germans—who appear to be sincere and of good will—the great majority of the German people have in no way, at the time being, entered the path of democracy." That, in present conditions, is what one would expect, and whether the Nazi underground is dangerous or not depends not on any arms they have collected but on whether it wins the support of the German people and of the administration, particularly the German police officials. Once a secret Nazi organisation can do that it will be even more difficult to destroy than the Irgun. No occupying Power has ever wiped out a resistance movement which has won even passive support. I must say I am surprised at the confidence of my friend, since I would have thought that at present the Nazis had a good chance of doing just that.

* * *

Last week I expressed some regret at the weakness of the American Left, but the manifesto cabled by the American "liberals" to Mr. Bevin makes me realise what vast accretions of strength they have recently had. Their message of greeting warmly endorsed the domestic and foreign policies of the Labour Government, and gave a pledge to oppose ill-informed criticism of the British Government in the United States. There are several stars new to the liberal firmament amongst those who signed. For instance, there was Bishop Manning, whose last notable incursion into British affairs was to lead a crusade against allowing Bertrand Russell freedom to teach philosophy in New York City; perhaps in his new enthusiasm for liberalism he will invite Professor Laski to lecture. The Editor of the *Reader's Digest* has apparently come all over pro-labour, and so has America's bitter radio critic, Hans von Kaltenborn. Mrs. Luce, whose last conversion was to Roman Catholicism, has followed with a warm embrace of British Socialism. Her husband, the publisher of *Time* and *Life*, also signed the manifesto. The current issue of *Time* gives earnest of its opposition to ill-informed criticism of the Labour Government by asserting that Socialism must inevitably suppress democracy, and by taking the *Daily Express* to task for remaining so "sensationally calm" in the face of Mr. Silkin's tyranny. This gallant group of liberals wish to express their solidarity with Mr. Bevin against the "Wallace-Zilliacus axis" which seeks "a return to those Anglo-American policies of concessions and retreats which have already placed half of Europe and much of Northern Asia under Soviet domination." Since no one can blame these retreats on Byrnes or Bevin it is obviously the policies of Roosevelt and Churchill which are condemned.

* * *

I recall the astonishment with which I once learned that Garvin "cut out every third adjective" from his articles before they went to press, and that he believed that he had "pruned them to the bone" before he let anyone read them. Beachcomber, if I remember rightly, once described himself as "browsing on the southern slopes" of Garvin's Sunday article. Fastidious people, who like succinct, incisive argument, were repelled by his exuberant, repetitious hammering. All he had to say could have been condensed into a single paragraph. But that is to leave out the factor of temperament, to forget that to be effective a journalist must "get his personality across" and that there are some expansive personalities which can only be poured out by the bucketful. Garvin was a big figure; one of the old type of independent, Victorian editors who pontificated, but who had a sense of public responsibility. Even if he was foolish enough to think that the best way to check Hitler was to break up the League and appease Mussolini, one must add that he was relying on his own bad judgment and not thinking of what would be good for sales or advertising or be pleasing to his proprietor. His best work went into his big *Life of Joseph Chamberlain*, which was never finished. On one point—his treatment of Chamberlain's part in the Parnell affair—a most damaging attack was made on him by Henry Harrison. He replied at length, but never refuted his assailant. On another side—that of his personal generosity to fellow journalists—Garvin needs no better testimony than that supplied by Mr. Gerald Barry on another page.

* * *

Pressing button "B" in the hope of obtaining a store of ill-gotten pennies is not to be a secondary source of income for corner-boys. On that point the London Magistrates, who had two such cases before them recently, were in emphatic agreement. A decision that the returned pennies belonged to no one must have led to acquittal, since ownership is a vital element in larceny. The man charged at Bow Street was said to have tried his luck in 42 telephone kiosks at Victoria Station in two days; but he was charged, not with stealing or attempting to steal the pennies, but with "being a suspected person loitering for the purpose" of stealing them—from the Postmaster-General. Mr. Dunne found him guilty of this, but let him go on payment of the cost of the prosecution. At the Mansion House, the other defendant was charged with attempting to steal, and the Lord Mayor went to the limit of his powers when he gave him six months' imprisonment. True, in this case the man had been seen tugging at coin-boxes as well as pressing buttons "A" and "B," and he happened to be "wanted" also on a quite separate charge of false pretences (for which he got a further six months). But the difference in procedure and sentence is a little startling.

What happens now if you get two or three shillings when you press button "B," as a friend of mine did recently? Do you select your twopence and put the rest back in the coin-cup, or find a policeman and hand him the money, or put all the coins back in their appropriate slots, press button "A," and thus present them to the P.M.G.—to whom they are now said to belong? (I should have thought they belonged to the people who put them in.) Perfect citizenship being its own ample reward, no prizes are offered for the answer. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to A. Vincenz.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I believe that man is a son of God in the making, but that his status as such is now most grievously threatened by the policy of the Trades Union Congress.—Letter in *Sunday Times*.

K. H. R.—The term Pope is never applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The publication you mention is not authoritative.—*Church Times*.

Anyone like a week-end in London? State age.—*Morning News*.

In some parts of England, gas and air analgesia has not yet been heard of. At a meeting in the Eastern Counties . . . a male member of the audience said: "We have a splendid midwife in our village. If the women get difficult, she stands no nonsense, but takes up a slipper and gives them a few good whacks."—*News Chronicle*.

Special Youth Services.—Life with a capital "L." Items by Young People. Subject on Sunday at 6.30, "How to get Clothes without Coupons." Come! See! Hear! Know! Elim Free Church.—*Evening Gazette*.

Democratisation of the Conservative Party was carried a step further in London the other evening. Two miners from the North of England, up for a football match, walked into a rather exclusive West End club of that political affiliation, and told the dignified hall porter that they had come for a drink. Their want of membership was tactfully mentioned, but they said that that was quite all right. They were members of their village Conservative club, and had been told that, as such, they could enjoy visiting facilities at this London institution. The hall porter explained that this was not quite the case, and directed that they should be courteously shown to the nearest suitable premises open to politics of all shades without special membership.—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

J.L.G.

For reasons mainly personal I could not let the death of Garvin pass without recording my own tribute, and the right place for it seems to be this paper, in whose capacious cellars lurk the ashes of the *Week-end Review*. For it was Garvin who gave my colleagues and myself, when we had left the *Saturday Review* and had twelve desperate days in which to put a brand-new weekly on the bookstalls, it was Garvin who characteristically gave us that decisive extra ounce of impetus and inspiration.

It was typical of him, as it is typical of most big men, this talent for spending time and pains on a young nonentity. And Garvin, in his own line, was unquestionably big, even in his faults. Sometimes there was thunder without lightning, and there were some disastrous judgments; but what do these count against the vivacity, the intense mental vigour, the sheer gusto for life of " Garv " in his heyday, spilling out wisdom and wisecracks and wine in an unsparing feast of language? In him Buffon's aphorism was justified, for his famous journalistic style—so deceptively easy to parody—was indeed part of the man. (Jack Squire caught it perfectly in the spoof headline: " Leg Before Wicket — and After "). Not his manner of writing only, but his whole character had a certain Victorian abundance—and a Victorian thoroughness, too. He was steeped in Carlyle and had clearly imbibed some of his vehemence. Those cataclysmic Sunday articles, for all their pantomime thunder, were the product of wide culture, intensive reading, prodigious study. His knowledge of Germany and the German mind was deep, and to keep himself acquainted with the trend of current German affairs between the wars he would often read as many as half a dozen German newspapers daily. Years came when his political comment dismayed me; but long after we had parted political company, there remained occasions when his weekly article would still light up one's Sabbath sky. I shall always remember with gratitude and admiration those tremendous pieces he produced through the endless summer and autumn of 1941, when the survival of our world seemed to hang on whether the Russians would hold.

At the height of his powers—and how long a period was that!—he was one of the greatest of editors, pervading the entire paper with his personality. Not only its policy but its whole style were his own: the *Observer*, for years, *was* Garvin. But I don't want here to try to assess his power in politics or his place in journalistic history; I want chiefly to recall his richness and intensity as a human being. Some might approach him thinking him a wrong-headed old curmudgeon, but once he began to talk his charm was on them. Talk gushed out of him, laughter shook him like an Olympian (he loved " a little judicious levity "). " What laughter there was on the old *Outlook*," he chortled, discussing our *Week-end* venture; " Mind you have plenty of laughter in your office! " We were out to have a knock at Beaverbrook, whose intervention had abruptly severed us from the *Saturday*. Garvin glowed at the prospect of putting him in the ring. " It's not enough to black his eye—no—not enough to black his eye "—leaning forward—" *We must close them both up!* " There was the man—his exuberance, his pugnacity, his supreme sense of fun.

The queer trick his eyes had, one searching you as he spoke, the other roving, as it were, over all history, was perhaps a clue to his dual capacity for concentration and perspective. His memory was an unfailing fountain, which spouted quotations to adorn and illuminate his talk: Pascal, Montaigne, Goethe, Kant, Milton, Carlyle, Kipling—his reading was as catholic as his conversation was profuse. That evening of gay decision, which seemed to have ranged over half the centuries, ended, like so many others for him, with two symphonies of Beethoven on his gramophone. Music was one of the deepest joys of his life. Those who perforce judged him solely by his journalism, brilliant as it was, lost most of the man. His flamboyance of style flowed from a deep richness of being, which those whom it touched will always remember with affection. Only the small could question his stature. As the Great Vance might have said, " Golly, what a man! "

Gerald Barry

THE MUG'S GAME

Gambling has long been regarded as one of the more respectable public vices, but the Puritan tradition is still too strong for any British Government to give it full legal recognition. Yet, for practical and political reasons, it cannot be completely suppressed. This deadlock accounts for the strange ambiguity of the betting and gaming laws. State lotteries went out of fashion in England after the Napoleonic Wars—though the British Museum remains their monument—but the Stock Exchange is still considered a buttress of society. The police pursue the street bookmaker and harass the promoter of a Christmas or Derby draw, and they secure many thousand convictions every year for minor offences; but the Post Office makes special arrangements with the sponsors of football pools for their mutual convenience. The racecourse totalisators enjoy the benevolent supervision of the Government. Mr. Davies, of Doncaster, who recently won £45,000 for a stake of one penny, appeared on the front page of every popular newspaper, an advertisement for the pool he patronised and a source of envy and admiration for the less lucky investors whose money made him wealthy. He does not even pay tax on his windfall. His success is only a further incentive for the rest of the gambling public, which now consists of over a quarter of the adult population, to risk more of its cash in emulating him.

Whatever excuses can be made for it, the existing legislation is pathetically ineffective. It can do little to check the continuing increase in the total sum of money spent on various forms of betting each year, most of them within the law. During the war, with drastic limitations imposed on the number of dog and horse races, there was a sharp decline in the amount wagered. The estimates for the present year are well above the pre-war level. Detailed figures are not yet available for 1946, but those for 1945 are extraordinary. The totalisators at greyhound tracks took over £137 millions, as compared with £39 millions in 1938. To this figure must be added the bets placed with private bookmakers, bringing the total to approximately £250 millions. Since the aggregate attendance at dog races is between forty and fifty million persons a year, it is not surprising that the owners of the tracks make fantastic profits, apart from the payment of large sums in entertainment tax. In 1944, for instance, the dividend on the shilling shares of the Greyhound Racing Association was 4,250 per cent. The turnover on the tote at horse races is not so large, about £300 millions being wagered on horses annually, though this figure does not include office sweepstakes or private bets. If the 1945 investment on football pools is added to the betting on dogs and horses, the grand total is £570 millions.

Football pools, however, are in a class by themselves. Since large sums of money can be won for a small stake they attract millions of punters who never put a penny on a dog or a horse. In the peak year of 1938 it is estimated that ten million people were making forecasts each week. The numbers dropped considerably during the war, but during the last and present seasons they have risen rapidly and are now somewhere near the pre-war figure. If, as is likely, the total investment for 1946-7 is about £50 millions, the pool promoters will take nearly ten million pounds in commission and expenses—to pay for their advertising costs and their staff of forty thousand people—returning the rest to those investors who, on the penny points pool, for instance, have beaten the odds of nearly five million to one against a correct forecast.

In assessing the expenditure on gambling it is too easily forgotten that there is a large difference between the gross cost—the five hundred-odd millions—and the net cost, the amount retained by the bookmakers and totes after paying the greater part of the amount wagered back to the public. The net cost is probably about £80 millions, though this figure does not take account of money wagered or gambled on anything but dogs, horses and football matches—and very considerable amounts are spent each year on cards, gaming machines and, in Cumberland, even on children's sports attended by dozens of bookmakers.

There are ample grounds here for protest on moral grounds—which the Churches' Committee on Gambling does not neglect—but there is no prospect of fresh legislation to check this wave of betting. It could also be argued that a country so short of man-power can ill spare the efforts of the whole- and spare-time bookmakers, tote clerks and their army of assistants, estimated at 200,000. There is, however, little doubt that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has his eye on the vast sums of loose money which are changing hands with little benefit to the Treasury. Last May, when Sir Alan Herbert pressed Mr. Dalton to introduce a betting tax, he was told the matter would be considered for the next Budget, but reminded of the practical difficulties in the way of enforcing it. Mr. Dalton, no doubt, was recalling the experience of the clumsy tax introduced by Winston Churchill in 1926, levying a 3½ per cent tax on each stake and imposing a licence fee on bookmakers and betting premises. In its best year, 1927-28, this tax produced only £2,600,000, less than half the Budget estimate. In 1929 it was abandoned in face of widespread evasion.

The difficulties are undoubtedly great. A new tax might produce a black market in betting which could not be stamped out, for gambling is an intangible transaction. Is it possible, moreover, to devise a tax which is easy to work and universal in application? Or would different methods be required to deal with the football pool—by far the most easy to supervise—the totalisator, which is obliged already to publish accounts, and the private bookmaker? It is extremely unlikely that the public would easily accept a law confining all betting to totes, as is the case in New Zealand, or that religious scruples would not obstruct the creation of recognised betting shops. There are other problems. Should any betting tax be extended to cover all forms of betting including small lotteries and draws, or should it be confined to one or two of them? The Churches, moreover, are strongly opposed to betting taxation on the grounds that it would give gambling official recognition and help to stabilise it as a national, if undesirable, institution.

What is Mr. Dalton to do? If he can discover a simple and comparatively effective tax which, at 3 per cent, could yield about £15 millions a year, he would have a very strong case for imposing it next April. If, however, he thinks the yield would be much smaller, that evasion would be so widespread as to make the tax both useless and unpopular, it would be foolish to toy with the proposal. But whatever decision he makes on financial grounds, the mass betting which now goes on beneath the eyes of the law will continue. It cannot be checked by moral arguments or, as some suggest, by increasing the goods which can be bought in the shops. Gambling is becoming a national habit, and habits of this sort are not cured easily. Apart from the lure of the huge prizes obtained by a very few lucky winners, it has to be recognised that following "form," either of horses or football teams, and placing "speculative investments" based on personal judgment, provides a real interest in many otherwise monotonous and empty lives. The elimination of gambling will come only after a long period of social change and adjustment to new values of security and effort. Until then Mr. Dalton had best make what he can out of the racket, if he can.

Norman MacKenzie

THE PEACEFUL ATOM

THE first British atomic pile should be operating at Harwell in May. This top priority job is four months behind schedule and four years behind America. Even then it will be a modest affair as these things go: what my atomic friends call "the kitchen oven," because its primary purpose will be to "cook" chemicals. Ordinary inert chemicals will be inserted into it, rendered radioactive by exposure to its neutron action and made available for research purposes and later for the treatment of human ailments. The more ambitious piles, which will be important in terms of industrial energy, will take considerable time.

As the junior partner in "The Sacred Trust Corporation," we are, therefore, still largely dependent on America for any knowledge of the practical industrial applications of atomic energy, apart from the fact that we are active partners in the Canadian Chalk River plant which Prof. J. D. Cockroft, the Director of Harwell, set up and where the "know-how" of our own station was worked out and the key personnel trained.

It has been repeatedly stated that the concern of British atomic research and development is with the peacetime use of atomic energy, and not with the bomb. Apart from any moral considerations, this is realistic policy, since bomb production in these congested and vulnerable islands, dependent on the basic atomic ores from abroad, is militarily untenable. The delays, which are due to the shortages of essential materials, are, therefore, a disadvantage not only to us but to the world in general, since any results would be Britain's worthwhile contribution to the Atomic Development Authority when Uno creates it.

In terms of our national economy, it is a matter of urgency that we should push ahead. It is now clear from official American sources that atomic energy from fissionable materials can, in fact, compete with coal as a source of industrial power. The United States are developing an atomic pile as an "atomic engine" for industrial purposes at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. It is, of course, experimental, and nothing like as efficient as such power plants can presently become. But the American experts can now estimate what the economics of the atom are at present. They have calculated that, even with a capital outlay which would be one and a half times as high as that on a coal-fuelled plant, a 75,000-kilowatt electricity-generating station fuelled with fissionable material would compete with coal at £2 10s. a ton. Since the Central Electricity Board last year was paying an average of £2 4s. 6d. a ton and the costs of some stations were, of course, higher than this, the margin is already narrow.

No one doubted that atomic power would eventually challenge existing fuels, coal and oil, and, ultimately, hydro-electricity, even in countries well endowed with these natural resources. But it has usually been argued that the first economic use of atomic power would be in areas remote from these resources. Inaccessible territories calling for development for other reasons could have this power, which dispenses with heavy transportation costs. A pound of uranium (which is no bigger than a safety-match box) is the equivalent of at least 150 ten-ton wagons of coal. Now, however, it seems that even countries highly industrialised because of their natural power sources, will have to face the challenge sooner rather than later.

American scientists have pointed out to me that once this is realised in the United States, the powerful interests involved in coal, oil and electricity will "buck the atom." (As one said, "John L. Lewis will issue a papal bull against the atom, any day now.") And they are genuinely worried by it, because one way you can effectively discourage and delay the industrial applications of fissionable materials is to keep on converting them into bombs. Moreover, such interests are liable to awaken to the fact that an impartial Atomic Development Authority which undertakes the development and production of materials for industrial uses will take the power—in both senses—out of their hands. The American scientists, who see these possibilities, argue that Britain must become the "pacemaker" in the interim because we have nothing to lose and everything to gain as a nation by conversion to atomic energy.

This may seem paradoxical, since coal is our greatest national asset. But today the Minister of Traditional Fuel and Power (Mr. Shinwell) would no doubt be grateful to the Minister of Atomic Fuel and Power (Mr. Wilmot) if he were suddenly to offer to make up his deficit. As for the future, there is no conflict in a planned economy between the old and the new. The community owner will want to conserve, instead of squandering, the national asset, which can yield an even greater return, in national prosperity, as the source of new materials and new industries, which the organic chemists can give us, than as a prodigally inefficient source of energy. By any token, coal-mining in the Atomic Age is far from being a dying industry—unless we insist on regarding it merely as a black lump which we throw on the fire to convert nine-tenths of its virtues into chimney sewage.

Conversion to atomic energy does not mean the vast upheaval of existing industries and processes which was once implied. There is no way of using such energy directly. It can only be converted into heat. What happens in the atomic piles is that the bars of uranium embedded in graphite or suspended in heavy water get very hot in the process of "fissing," and by cooling them with water, or fluid metals, that heat can be transferred and used to produce steam or super-heated gases to drive normal turbines. The pile is, therefore, the substitute for the furnace and nothing else.

It can (eventually) give us industrial temperatures which no other fuel can produce. The temperatures depend on the fierceness of the chain reaction, which in turn depends on the amount of Uranium 235 or, alternatively, Plutonium in the pile. (How great the temperatures can be has been testified by the bombs, which are "neat" Uranium 235 or Plutonium, and which can release instantaneous heat equal to the heat in the interior of the sun.) What they use in the normal pile is the refined uranium metal which contains one part of the fissile Uranium 235 to 140 parts of Uranium 238. This is sufficient to maintain the chain reaction necessary to convert "238" into Plutonium, which does not exist in nature. If, however, the pile is "enriched" by increasing the amount of "235" or of Plutonium, the chain reaction and the heat are intensified. The limiting factor here is the difficulty of getting secondary materials, in the pile construction, to stand up to the heat. This is the job for the metallurgists. Another limiting factor is the "poisoning" of the pile. The residual elements into which the splitting atoms divide are radioactive and deleterious.

What is incommoding the scientists is an *embarras de richesses*. There is the conversion of "238" into Plutonium, itself a chain reactor, and the accumulation of the valuable radioactive elements which are "poison" to the pile. But, in atom economics, you can not only "pay for the cow from the milk," but you have also got the calves, since the Plutonium can be used for other piles. The "atomic engine," in fact, breeds atomic engines.

There is no chance in the foreseeable future of a motor car being run from Land's End to John o' Groats on an aspirin of atomic energy, nor, indeed, of atomic-powered (distinct from atom-bomb-nosed) rockets. The reason is the deadly emanations from the "atomic engine." There are intense X-rays which can be stopped by lead, but there are also free neutrons, which cannot be stopped by lead, and require massive concrete casings. So the smallest pile is a massive affair, which might be housed in Battersea Power Station or the *Queen Elizabeth* (in which it would dispense with the fuel bunkers, anyway) but not under the bonnet of a car. When the American atom economists talk of the capital cost of an atomic-fuelled generating station being one and a half times greater than a coal-fuelled one, the difference is mainly due to the expensive safety factors involved.

There are many unsolved practical problems, of which even the Americans do not possess the secret. Britain has a big contribution to make. We profess peaceful concern with the industrial applications and have a moral obligation to the world to advance them. We would then have a substantial endowment to offer The Atomic Development Administration when it comes into being—including the internationalisation of Harwell and the uranium refineries at Risley and Springfield in Lancashire.

This is not just being magnanimous. There is compensation for being internationalised as a going concern. And this is why: the Lilienthal Report, which is the Baruch Plan for international control, without the politically disruptive element of the Veto, and which has been endorsed by the Technical Committee of Uno (including the Russians), involves, in addition to the international ownership of uranium and thorium mines, international zones of production. There the "dangerous" materials, those which can be readily converted into bombs, will be produced. They will then be made as "safe" as possible—"denatured," as it is called, which means so treating the dangerous materials that it will take enormous plants and difficult processes to re-separate them into bomb products. The safe materials will be incorporated into "secondary piles" for industrial and other uses and leased by the A.D.A. to the countries which need them, and the A.D.A. will have the right of periodic inspection of these piles, in the same way as the gas company has the right to examine your meter. Now, fifty per cent of the gross energy involved is released as a by-product of the processing of the "dangerous" materials, and, as heat, has got to be used locally. So that the country which contains an international production plant has a lien on that surplus heat for its own uses. RITCHIE CALDER

ER-BEV AND PHAT-FAROUK

A HIEROGLYPHIC FRAGMENT

Now when Phat-Farouk saw the chariots of Er-Bev preparing to make exodus out of the land of Egypt he called unto him his steward No-Krash-Y saying:

Let us lay hands on the country of the Nubians that we make them serve with rigour.

And No-Krash-Y lifted up his voice and said Behold, Upper and Lower Egypt are one, even from the Delta unto Ethiopia and Phat-Farouk is king thereof.

And Er-Bev answered: Phat-Farouk is not Pharaoh; Nubia is not Egypt; Er-Bev is not fooled.

Whereupon the Wafd ran into the streets and stoned Er-Bev's chariot with stones, crying One Nile, One King, One Country.

And Er-Bev replied Sez You.

Then No-Krash-Y spake again, saying We have sent messengers to the Umma and the children of Nubia to seek protection of Phat-Farouk against Ser Hu-Bert Hud-Dle-Ston. For Egyptians are to Nubians as brother to brother.

But Sayad Abdel Rahman spake afar from the Blue Nile saying Yea, even so was Cain brother to Abel.

And Er-Bev spake apart to Att-Lee saying verily we would not do unto a dog that which Phat-Farouk intendeth to do unto the Nubians.

Then said No-Krash-Y: Egypt will go even unto U-No and with her the seven Sheiks of Araby, namely Transjordan, Syria, Lebanon, Yemen, Iraq and Arabia of Ibn Saud. Likewise will stand as a pillar of the League, Mo-Lo-Tov, to whom Er-Bev is a byword and a hissing.

But Mo-Lo-Tov waxed wroth saying Verily No-Krash-Y is a snake in the grass.

And Er-Bev answered Thanks, pal.

And Sayad Abdel Rahman prophesieth that when Egypt and the seven Sheiks shall come before U-No, the just men of the Council will learn that Phat-Farouk is an abomination unto the Nubians and they will dismiss him saying Go to Pot.

SAGITTARIUS

LETTER FROM GERMANY

Dear Friend,

I promised, when I left London, to give you my impressions on returning once more to Germany. We are living in a small town in the hills, which was passed by in the fighting, and its houses are still as lovely as they were a century ago when the post coaches rumbled through the streets. The children, who remember nothing of Germany, felt at home immediately. In spite of the small rations, irregular food distribution, the non-arrival of parcels arranged for by American friends, and the cold of a house which may not be heated until evening, they enjoy it here.

We were anxious about the bad parcel service when we saw the children losing weight, though more slowly than we are. For our worst surprise was the discovery that one cannot rely on receiving full rations. We get only one pound of vegetables other than potatoes per head each week. And during the two ration periods of four weeks each since we arrived back, only 500 grammes of cereals have been allocated. In the coming period I doubt whether we shall get even this. The system of weekly allocations is very sensible. Without it people would eat their monthly ration in the first fortnight and would starve in the second half of the month. But there is a great deal of inefficiency in the rationing system. One week the full amount is allocated, and people gladly discuss the return to normal conditions. The next week the ration is cut; the following week it may go up or down. Just before Christmas we were down to three small slices of bread a day with seven grammes of fat, and then on Saturday morning three pounds of bread were suddenly distributed.

I quote this little incident as an illustration of the uncertainty of life here. Of course, people have been accustomed to that since the Thirties, but everyone expected some kind of security after the end of the war. Security in law, housing, and, after a short transition period, in food, fuel and clothing. Security, but not plenty. We have neither. As far as food is concerned, we have never received 1,500 calories—as promised immediately before the election—in any given week. But we are better off than in the Ruhr, where the mothers are desperate.

There is also the problem of the deportee. People are asking why the Allies demand reparations for the deportation of Allied nationals during the war and at the same time keep millions of German war prisoners away from home and condone the deportation of seven - million Germans. They say that the provision of food, shelter and clothing for the deportees should be an Allied liability until German economy is back on its feet. The deportees have cut the food ration in the Zone by 15 per cent. They are herded together in overcrowded towns and villages, and hundreds of thousands are living in unbelievable misery. In some camps, where they live, they are under canvas or in rickety huts. Often they are without cooking stoves and have to prepare their meals over an open fire. When it rains they may not be able to have a warm meal at all. They are many times worse off than the Nazi bandits in internment camps.

You must add to this the problem created by the requisition of houses by Mil. Gov. Though only a tiny fraction of the dwelling space needed for refugees is taken by Mil. Gov., this requisitioning makes a deep impression on the Germans. One reason for this is that allocation of housing is done according to British upper class standards, which appear fantastic to the ordinary German under present conditions. There is strict rationing of electricity for Germans, but none as far as I can see for British and Allied residents. Another reason is the method of requisitioning. Families are expelled and crammed into small rooms; sometimes one family may be broken up and billeted in a number of places. Remember what a home means in Germany today. Even if you have found another place to live, even if you are allowed to take most of your furniture with you, you will have no nails to fix curtains, no wire to attach lamps, none of the small necessities you require in a move. You can imagine what it is like when you have to leave a large part of your property behind. The spectre of requisitioning drives people to live as primitively and dirtily as possible, to hide part of their furniture or treasured personal possessions, to put off repairing roofs or windows. I have personally checked up rumours about wantonly destroyed furniture or requisitioned goods rotting in the open air and found them to be true. The latest development is that if a requisitioning officer does not think a house suitable to be taken over, but discovers a good wireless set or a modern gas stove, for instance, these things are taken over for furnishing B.A.O.R. homes.

There are other things in our everyday life which would have seemed fantastic in London six months ago. Take fuel as an example. We still do not know when we shall get our next allocation of two cubic metres of firewood—which will cost us 50 RM. There is no coal here for us. Many people—widows, refugees and families of war prisoners—cannot afford even to buy their ration of wood. Many children here have no winter coat or even one pair of shoes. In November, in this town of 18,000 people, there was an allocation of one pair of baby underwear and one metre of cloth for overcoats.

I have only dealt with small things from our daily life. I have said nothing of the economic situation, of which you already know. But the feeling is growing that the German people are now fighting for their very lives against slow extermination and dangerous incompetence. You don't know how much speeches in Parliament help us by strengthening responsible people, including the Communists, who are seeking to show that the struggle for an improvement here is not a nationalist issue, but a question of moral principle. The debates in the House of Commons, the letters Victor Gollancz wrote to the papers, did more to stem a revival of chauvinism than you can imagine. I know that Mil. Gov. officers have to remain silent, though many of them are splendid fellows to whom we owe much, but a change of mood in the Zone can be caused only by a change in high policy.

Greetings to you and my other friends in Britain.

A German

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

The B.B.C. seems to have decided quite definitely that talks must be delivered by those who write them, irrespective of any conditions relative to their fame or their broadcasting ability. I do not feel sure that this is a sound policy, for it is all too easy to ruin even the most passionately interesting material by a disagreeable or flaccid delivery. "Sound on the Air" is a scientific programme of considerable importance, partly because it should serve to awake listeners' interest in the technics of what they hear; but it will only succeed if it is put across with the maximum of expertise. It is no discourtesy to Lord Rayleigh to suggest that he is not a good broadcaster. Why should he be? At least half our interest in a discourse on the Philosophy of Exploration consists of curiosity about Miss Freya Stark, who spoke on that subject last week; but our interest in the mechanics of sound has nothing to do with the personality of Lord Rayleigh or of Professor Adrian. Similarly, it seemed to me, an intrinsically admirable broadcast on Holbein, in the "Visual Arts," was seriously imperilled by at least two of the speakers, whose bored and sagging delivery would have driven me away at once if I had not been particularly interested in what they were saying. This kind of performance has the exasperating quality of very bad tennis, in which the players serve every ball into the net. Why not use professional speakers, of whom the B.B.C. disposes in large quantity? In any case, I think this is a question upon which listeners' opinions need rather wider canvassing.

One Traveller Returns. Mr. Moray McClaren's fantasia on the theme of Hamlet held my attention for some time. This experienced radio writer understands the technique of suspense on the air (which is roughly the same as that in a Maupassant story), and the Scottish actors were more competent than most. But how much more brittle is the thread that holds the radio listener's attention than that which binds a theatre audience to the stage! One slip is enough to ruin everything—in this case an inept Rosencrantz. Mr. Harold Wightman may be an able actor in his field—but this evidently does not include Viennese Jews. It should not have been difficult to find an actor who would have filled this part to perfection—and without making it so conventionally unsympathetic.

Last (but I hope not least) I join my feeble pipe to the full-throated baying of the daily press in praise of the Chilean pianist, Claudio Arrau. Some years ago his recording of Schumann's *Carnaval* gave notice of a sensitive, scholarly and technically faultless executant. Last week his performance of the Emperor Concerto showed that M. Arrau does indeed command the grand style. The evenness and glittering strength of his semi-quavers filled the air with ropes of diamonds. The forward canter of the Rondo was irresistibly compelling. What English pianist will not envy M. Arrau so steady and rapid a shake?

Moby Dick. Unable properly to hear this important programme, I reserve comment until after the repeat.

Edward Sackville West

MUSIC

A new *Piano Concerto* by Humphrey Searle was played last week by Colin Horsley and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Hambourg. Its idiom came as a slight surprise. The composer is a pupil of Webern, and most of his music which we have so far heard has been, roughly speaking, of the Schönbergian persuasion, sometimes actually written in the twelve-tone "serial" system. Within what I can't help regarding as the severe limitations imposed by this system he has shown a sensitive ear and romantic affinities, and these affinities have been even more evident in his musicological work, which is of great value (his *catalogue raisonné* of Liszt's works in the *Grove* Supplement is a masterly tidying-up of one of music's untidiest lumber-rooms). The new concerto throws Schönberg overboard, is very definitely in D minor, and has for its first subject a theme curling around the tonic which bears a slight family resemblance to the first theme of Rachmaninov's concerto in the same key—a work which by coincidence figured also in the programme. Romantic practice is recalled in a final apotheosis, presenting the same theme in D major; while in between come two movements whose design (and harmony) owe more to contemporary models: the now customary passacaglia as a slow movement, and a 6/8 finale with several scraps of *fugato*. One of these latter, based on a theme descending by semitones, is arresting; and the whole work, though its style is not yet fully consistent and characteristic, is very far from a hotch-potch, and filled with good ideas and effective piano writing. I hope we shall have plenty of opportunity of making its better acquaintance, both in the Third Programme and elsewhere.

The Curzon Cinema is showing (apologies to Mr. Whitebait!), along with the Gide picture, the short instructional film about the instruments of the orchestra for which Benjamin Britten composed his already well-known *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Purcell.* Enjoyment, on the occasion of my visit, was much marred by the poor quality of the sound reproduction. Britten tackled this particular job with even more than his customary sharpness and clarity of outline; but the tone that reached our ears was not only muzzy and feeble in volume, but so lacking in the higher frequencies that much of the individual tang and colour of each instrument was lost. Since the point of the film is to draw attention to these qualities, the result is unfortunate; but whether it is due to an inherent flaw in the sound track or to maladjustment of the Curzon reproduction apparatus is more than I can undertake to say.

Space remains only to praise the excellent new Sadler's Wells production of Puccini's *Tabarro* (don't miss this: it's one of his best scores, and all too seldom given), and to chronicle an extremely spirited revival, by the City Opera Club, of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and Mozart's *Impresario*. The latter is dramatically a simple little joke; but it was written in the very middle of *Figaro* and contains some ravishing music. The remarkable thing about this performance was the skill shown by two amateur sopranos in tackling the most formidable flights of coloratura; the higher they had to go, the better they sang; Miss Audrey Dean, in particular, must be complimented on a sweet and easy E flat *in alt* and a quite presentable "Queen of the Night" top F. Material, I feel, out of which something could be made.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Cloak and Dagger," at Warner's

"Boomerang," at the Tivoli

"Domino," at the Academy

The one kind of film in which, through good times and bad, Hollywood has continued to excel, is the thriller. Two admirable specimens this week sustain one's confidence in the School of Tension, make one wish that all films—and especially American films—would talk less and do more. Anything, anything to rescue us from immersion in that musical stodge and moony chatter in which a chance visit to the "local" is likely to plunge us! Both *Cloak and Dagger* and *Boomerang*, it is worth noticing, move quickly, are good to look at, employ natural dialogue, and sometimes dispense with music and talk altogether.

Fritz Lang is, possibly, too old a hand at this sort of thing to startle us seriously: whatever the tricks he may bring off, we are liable to recognise, almost as soon as a thrill has registered, the "Lang touch." Here, he manipulates the broken-off wireless message, the watchers in hotel lounges, the fugitives under a bridge; a cat's eyes glare down a dark stairway; a lorry, with men hiding inside, is signalled on by the armed patrol and refuses to start. These are hardly unforseeable (with the exception of the cat) yet in their place ominous enough. Then, there is one masterly sequence, when it's needed, of a man murdered in an apartment hall and left for a moment with feet sticking out from some packing-cases; a child, playing on the stairs, runs down after his ball which has rolled across the hall. I shan't tell the remainder of the sequence: that would be worse than giving away a detective plot. The few minutes do more than stretch the tension; our imagination is horribly and quietly touched. Such moments must necessarily be rare in a thriller: the current clean type of thriller anyway. Lang's early films, dabbling in morbid psychology, exercised the imagination more generously: encountering the incident of the rolling ball in *Cloak and Dagger* we cannot fail to be reminded, with a shudder, of the child's balloon floating away over the pond in the sinister "*M*"; and, in *The Testament of Dr. Mabuse* (still to be seen at the Everyman) we find that, given the inspiration, a car-chase at night can be made visually eerie and beautiful. The scope of the traditional thriller—Lang's is that—has narrowed since. Still, much remains. The two best actors in *Cloak and Dagger* are reserved for the second half, when we may be assuming that all the bolts have been shot. Mr. Vladimir Sokoloff as an Italian scientist pushed to the edge of breakdown by his Fascist masters, gives us a perfect piece of acting; while Miss Lilli Palmer as the belated heroine supplies a sincerity and force without which Mr. Gary Cooper's lazy charm would have worn desperately thin. For the story is about scientists, on our side and theirs, working, during the war, on the atom bomb. It can't be said that Mr. Lang, despite a cosmic speech or two at the beginning, has taken his subject over-strictly. On the other hand, he has made an admirably exciting film.

The House on 92nd Street and *13 Rue Madeleine* pegged out a claim for the documented thriller. The same producer, Louis de Rochemont, and his director, Elias Kegan, are responsible for *Boomerang*. Same "March of Time" approach, the summing-up voice (but not too much of it), the factual basis, the good unstarred performers, the accumulation of small corrective detail. An unsolved murder in a small town becomes the centre of political intrigue; only the persistent integrity of the prosecuting attorney (Dana Andrews) saves an innocent suspect from being sacrificed to the coming elections. *Boomerang* lifts the lid for a moment. We believe in its revelations, we are decently stirred. So far, so remarkable. But, despite these truth-telling virtues and a technique to match them, *Boomerang* just falls short of the inexorable drama of *Grapes of Wrath* and even of *The Ox-Bow Incident*. It is a thriller, in fact, whatever its basis, and as such may be judged as different from, but not necessarily better than, *Cloak and Dagger*. The documentary approach, by the way, is not altogether new. One of the earliest and best of all gangster films, Clarence Browne's *Quick Millions*, employed a similar social realism, and jogged the imagination into the bargain. That film should be revived. In it Mr. Spencer Tracy made a first appearance which, steady performer though he is, he has hardly matched since.

Domino is an amusing trifle of French theatre: wife, husband, lover, and hired lover who cuts out the other two. Marcel Achard, who wrote the play, provides the dialogue which, for farce, bubbles very brightly; and the amorous quartet—especially the intruder, Fernand Gravey—ring the changes with expert smoothness. No date is attached to this film, which might be pre-war. It was worth importing, but again I must ask why so incidental a piece is given preference to the far more solid achievements of French cinema, some of them now five years old, for which we go on waiting.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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PIERRE BONNARD, 1867-1947

A GREAT painter has died in his eightieth year. One of the few surviving bastions of tranquillity and happiness in a restless, nerve-shattered civilisation has fallen. Bonnard might have repeated with Baudelaire that he was born too late into a world too old, but he managed to survive into the atomic era without doubting for a moment that the pattern on the tablecloth was all that mattered. He came to maturity in a *milieu* where young men aspiring to be painters were left to fend for themselves, at a moment of artistic anarchy when the most modern ideas were perverted by charlatans and tradition was discredited by reactionaries. The dizzy recklessness with which one visual conquest followed on another in Paris in

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MACMILLAN

the late Eighties, meant that the thread of genuine tradition was stretched to breaking-point. Even the accurate transcription on to canvas of landscape drenched in sunlight, the intoxication of the young no more than a decade before, was already outmoded by the time Bonnard took up the profession of painting. No rules for the practice of his profession could be accepted without criticism, no academies could be relied on to provide adequate instruction, and he was left with what in any previous age would have been deemed insufficient: the authenticity of his own sensations, a marvellous feeling for design, and the few sparks of genius he was able to muster. Bonnard leant for a time on Gauguin, Sérusier, Lautrec and the Japanese print, but he soon taught himself a new language of expression which only a few friends could understand, but which he recognised as his only hope of salvation in the babble of different tongues around him. Laboriously he set about compiling for himself his own dictionary of unaccepted ideas. No painter of comparable rank relied so continuously as Bonnard on personal sensations. When these failed—and we know from his own conversation that they frequently failed—he lacked the mental and technical equipment to fill in the blank spaces plausibly. This is why we are in the habit of saying that he never ceased to be himself; and why, at any rate, in the later stages of his career, the changes from one style to another are barely perceptible. But he was careful never to allow design and colour to subside into formulas under his hand, so that the dictionary had to be revised every so often, new words put in, the meaning of others changed, and new editions were still coming out up to the time of his death, incorporating slight but important emendations.

One of the least intellectual of modern painters, Bonnard was not constituted to cope with the bustling city life of Paris, and took refuge in the country where the view from his window provided him with all the reality he needed. The painter who is capable of abstracting himself from the problems of his age, without suffering or a sense of guilt, is not to be blamed but envied. Bonnard found his ivory tower in the seclusion of a family circle where he could afford to disregard the hideous storms brewing outside, and where he could sit at his easel, thinking himself back into childhood when all objects big and small, animate and inanimate, carried about with them like glow-worms their inner radiance, when the ugliest saucepan was wrapped in beauty, waiting for the fruit in the bowl and the flowerpot, the puppy and the wallpaper, to lose their customary dullness and come alive on the canvas together in a riot of colour and gaiety.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Correspondence

BOMBER HARRIS

SIR,—May I be permitted to make some observations on Ritchie Calder's scathing survey of Bomber Harris' book and the work of Bomber Command during the recent war? First perhaps, as in the Parliamentary manner, I must declare my interest. I flew bomber aircraft during the war against most kinds of targets referred to by Mr. Calder. I have been engaged against precision targets by day and by night, including flying bomb assembly and launching sites, in close support of the Army in France, Belgium and Holland, against railway marshalling and repair yards and against the vitally important and fiercely defended synthetic oil factories and storage plants. I have also been engaged in the diabolical task of destroying, brutally and scientifically, the major part of the residential areas of German cities. And I have, on occasion, taken part in naval operations including mine-laying in the Baltic, attacks on U-boat pens and on enemy capital shipping which lay out of reach of our own naval units.

In all this I carried in my heart throughout the whole period of the war my Socialist conviction that war, particularly of the magnitude of these modern holocausts, creates problems as great as those that it solves, and at times the burden of the task to which I set myself lay heavy upon me. This letter, therefore, is just as much an apologia for myself and those who shared the task, as for the man who commanded our effort and whose personal vitality and courage inspired our efforts.

Our assessment of the historical value of Harris' work must therefore start with a summary of its major achievements. These were, I think, fourfold.

1. By attacking the factories which built the V1 and the V2 and by attacking diligently throughout the summer of 1944 the launching sites in France and the Low Countries, a task in which, incidentally, the U.S. Air Force failed lamentably, Bomber Command saved London from a fate comparable to that of Hamburg or Berlin.

2. By close support of the Allied Armies after D-Day—witness the constant attacks in Normandy, in the Ardennes and prior to the crossing of the Rhine—Bomber Command, as Harris claims, "saved the flower of the youth of this country and of our Allies from being mown down by the military in the field."

3. By attacking the industrial plants of the enemy throughout the war Bomber Command denied progressively to the German military machine the very weapons of war. Perhaps the highest percentage of losses amongst our crews was in the bitter battles against the synthetic oil plants, yet who can deny the success of this sacrifice against the evidence of Albrecht Speer and of our own troops, who many times came across tanks and aircraft immobilised through lack of fuel?

4. By harassing the enemy at all possible times and at all points in such a way that it was constantly brought home to all the German people that total war was being waged not only by them but against them.

If these claims can be allowed it will at once appear that the first three achievements were only possible by the highest degree of skill and scientific accuracy, and in respect of them no one who supported the waging of the war at all can have serious complaint. But the policy which involved the deliberate destruction of vast areas of built-up cities has been criticised both at the time and now by those whose humanitarian principles shuddered at the devastation, and whose minds are seriously exercised at the immense reconstruction problems now entailed.

I believe that the policy was justifiable for two quite different but equally valid reasons. In the first instance precision bombing against heavily defended targets, either by day or by night, presents tremendously difficult problems, both scientific and human. Ritchie Calder has conceded graciously that "real accuracy could only be achieved when he (Sir Arthur Harris) had mustered 'Gee,' 'Oboe,' 'H2S' and 'GH.'" Does he think that crews could be trained in the use of these instruments for precision bombing against live targets over some quiet bombing range of our own coast? The concentrated disregard of the dangers of flak and fighter on the last few minutes of a bombing run, absolutely essential to accuracy, could only be learned over the targets where precision was a less urgent necessity. Only the aircrews of Bomber Command can attempt to assess to what extent the French, Belgians, Dutch and our own troops owe their comparative immunity when in close proximity to a precision target to the training we bought the hard way over the cities of the Third Reich.

But the ultimate arguments which rage around the head of our unfortunate late Commander-in-Chief concern themselves with the fact that area-bombing was a deliberately adopted policy. Firstly it must be said that Harris was not responsible for the policy. It was conceived at War Cabinet level and he was no more culpable for its conception than any of his Staff or the 110,000 young men who carried it into effect over the night skies of Germany. If anyone must be arraigned, not only for the broad policy but for the detailed selection of such targets as Dresden

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or Brunswick, let it be Churchill and Sinclair, yes, and all their colleagues including Attlee, Cripps, Dalton and Morrison. We are learning every day how true it is that each member of the Cabinet is responsible for every decision of the whole. As an airman, however, I believe that the policy was correctly conceived and the only complaint against its execution was the high degree of grim efficiency with which the crews carried out their task.

From all our differing points of view our nation was engaged in total war. The most economical way of winning the war lay in striking the enemy as vigorously and as totally as possible. That this aspect of our grand strategy caused the suffering of thousands of civilians at the time, and has brought the most deplorable social problem of all history in its wake, is grievously regrettable, but I believe it is carrying sentimentalism to the extreme to deplore now a policy which must have saved tens of thousands of lives at the time and without which the war might well have been still being fought.

I do not believe that Sir Arthur Harris is a pleasant or a gentle man. I believe he was harsh, arrogant and brutal in the execution of his task. But I am convinced that few men of our time could have been found with the guts to direct the policy of Bomber Command in those fateful years, and I thank God that he was available to us when our need was so great. If I am wrong, it is not the £80,000,000 per annum to which Calder sneeringly refers that I would deplore but the 77,000 brave young casualties who suffered or died in good heart for a policy which did much to give the free world a chance to live.

House of Commons. Ernest Millington

POLISH ELECTIONS

Sir,—In the course of her informative account of the election situation in Poland, Miss Warriner tells us—and what she says is impressive since she is plainly well-disposed towards the Provisional Government—that "Mikolajczyk . . . if all Governmental pressures were removed, would probably get a majority." She appears to think well of the process by which a minority has strengthened its control over Polish society, for two reasons: that the economic policy of the Government is skilfully contrived; and that any other result would provoke Soviet intervention.

I am not concerned to refute Miss Warriner's arguments nor even to express disapproval of them; but I think we should be absolutely clear about their implications. I do not stress the claims upon our gratitude that might be made by those who are now called romantic and reactionary. (How romantic it was, after all, to continue the struggle against the Gestapo after the Partition of 1939, how incorrigibly romantic to fight on in Italy and the Low Countries after Yalta.) The point is that the apologists of the Warsaw Government are not content with asking us to acquiesce in a political settlement founded on the superior power of the Soviet Union; they ask us to *admire* this result and to press our own Government to do nothing to impede the most rapid consolidation of the power of Bierut and his colleagues. So be it. But let us remember that we shall have lost any right we might have had to get into a state of moral indignation over Spain, Greece, or Georgia, U.S.A.

I cannot believe that most democratic Socialists are eager to abandon themselves to this kind of moral nihilism. Even a "romantic reactionary" like General Anders inhabits the same moral universe as the British Labour movement of the past. But these obscure persons who now dominate the Warsaw Government and who pursue without mercy those who were fighting the Nazis when their persecutors kept a shameful silence in Moscow—what kind of men are they? Surely they belong to the world of the Himmlers, Yagodas and Yezhovs. We may have to endure them. Must we admire them?

8 Ellercroft Avenue, J. M. Cameron
Bradford.

PLANNING BRITISH TRADE

Sir,—Your note on the U.S. protest against the release clause of the Financial Agreement with Argentina is most welcome and important. In the long run the solution of our difficulties, indeed our continued existence as an important Power, depends on the adoption of a Socialist planning of domestic development and of the international division of labour here, in Europe and overseas. Hence only a close co-ordination of our foreign political and economic policy, which you advocate, can safeguard the future. But, for the moment, there is not the slightest chance for this, even here, because of the lack of adequate expert personnel.

There is, however, a perfectly "legitimate" method by which the gravest mischief can in the short run be prevented and which can be administered without a reorganisation of our economic staffs:

(1) The Exports Credits Guarantee Department should be transformed into an Export Credit Fund of at least £3-400 millions with power to grant tied loans.

(2) A series of tied loans of two years' duration should be negotiated for *each* of the next twenty years to be granted by this fund to our wartime creditors such as India, etc.

(3) Having concluded these loan agreements we should consent to "free" enough of the "sterling balances" under the relevant paragraph of the Anglo-U.S. Financial Agreement to pay back each year part—perhaps 50-75 per cent—of the tied loans falling due in any one year.

Thus the sterling balances could be utilised, in complete conformity with the Anglo-U.S. Financial Agreement, for a planned development of the Middle East and India, and the orderly liquidation of our war debt. The same method can be used (of course, without the third step) to promote exports to other countries. Thomas Balogh

Balliol College, Oxford.

THE AMERICAN LEFT

Sir,—Doubtless your readers will be interested to know more about a movement initiated by two such good friends of progressive England as Mrs. Roosevelt and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, which was mentioned briefly in your article, "The State of the Union," published on January 11th.

As the London representative of the Union for Democratic Action, which called the founding conference of Americans for Democratic Action in Washington on January 4th, I am in a position to give further details. The Committee of the Whole for A.D.A. comprises a wider array of progressive Americans—leaders in trade unions, independent progressive groups, Negro organisations, and the like—than has ever previously been assembled under a single banner. This was possible because (in line with the advice given by Mr. Crossman in his interview recorded in *The New Republic*, December 16th) it was organised to be independent of the Communists, who in the United States constitute the chief obstacle to liberal unity. The minority of leading New Dealers who are outside this organisation will, I am sure, be heartily welcome if they accept this policy. Needless to say, A.D.A. defends to the hilt the liberty of the American Communist Party to present its programme to the people, and doubtless there will be many issues on which the two will co-operate; just as do the Labour Party and the Communist Party in England.

Your article states that there has been formed "a Political Action Committee, which attempts on a Federal basis to unite independent progressives and the political wing of the C.I.O." The two chief organisations which united to form "The Progressive Citizens of America" were "The National Citizens Political Action Committee" and "The Independent Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions." The programmes of the two organisations were virtually identical before the merger;

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leaders of both sponsored the "Win-the-Peace Conference" last spring, which (far from objecting to the conditions imposed on the loan to Britain) wanted to add another—that none of the money be used for the oppression of colonial peoples. The C.I.O. Political Action Committee (which is the political arm of the C.I.O.) is not involved in the merger; indeed, such leading C.I.O. figures as James Carey, C.I.O. secretary-treasurer, Allan Haywood, C.I.O. director of organisation, and Walter Reuther, president of the C.I.O. Automobile Workers, are members of the A.D.A. Committee of the Whole.

David C. Williams

Union for Democratic Action (London Bureau),
16 Queen Anne's Gate,
London, S.W.1.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

Sir,—I have read with keen interest Mr. Crossman's penetrating analysis, in his review of Professor Feiling's book, of the career of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. I doubt if many people understand the underlying sympathy of the Chamberlains (Austen and Neville) with the aims and methods of Mussolini and Hitler, but it was in that sympathy that the appeasement policy was rooted.

As the secretary of the Birmingham Socialist Centre from 1905–13 I had exceptional opportunities of observing the technique of the Chamberlain Caucus in its own stronghold; and it was the technique of Mussolini and Hitler, with the veneer of politeness required to secure its acceptance in England. The iron hand was decently covered by a velvet glove, but the iron hand was there, and heavily used. Mr. C. A. Vince, the head of the Liberal Unionist Party organisation, was a scholarly man with a charming personality, but while we (Conservative, Liberal and Labour Party agents) fenced politely with him, and sometimes made mutual arrangements that were always honoured to the letter, we were quite alive to the fact that we were dealing with an unscrupulous organisation that fostered and protected a political underworld whose methods were less polite; and the machine was personally controlled by Joseph Chamberlain himself with complete ruthlessness.

The saving grace of the Caucus was its genuine concern for the civic dignity of Birmingham, and by special concessions men of Liberal, Socialist or independent views were enabled to devote their specific talents to the civic and cultural life of the community, but always on condition that they abstained from overt actions offensive to the ruling party. Such men included, in fact, not a few who had family ties with the Chamberlains but refused to bow the knee to Joseph. The virtues of Neville Chamberlain as Lord Mayor, to which Mr. Crossman testifies, were entirely in line with the tradition. It remains true that only after a determined and long-sustained struggle was the stranglehold of the Caucus loosened from the economic and political life of Birmingham, and a normally English pattern restored.

On one point only I think Mr. Crossman's analysis less than adequate. I refer to the incident of the Ministry of National Service. I do not know what prompted Lloyd George to offer that Ministry to Neville Chamberlain, but I suspect that it was to avoid having to give him any really responsible post. Certainly it was not, as Mr. Crossman suggests, because Chamberlain was "popular even with organised labour": he was not. As an industrialist he had the reputation of a hard man who set his face against trade unionism, and the Labour movement in Birmingham had no more use for him than he had for it.

Fred Hughes

GERMAN VILLAGES

Sir,—In Critic's kind note about my recent book he says "It is well to remember that over a large part of Germany village life is practically normal." I cannot speak from personal observation, as I confined my investigations to towns, small and large. But I should be extremely surprised to learn that you are correct. Take, for instance, the question of housing. I was shown round one of our excellent information rooms in the Zone by a very high-ranking zonal official. When looking at some statistics of overcrowding, I said to this official that I supposed conditions were far worse in the towns than in the country. "Not at all," he replied. "The appalling influx of expellees from the East has led to overcrowding as disgraceful in villages as in towns. There isn't a square inch of room anywhere. These expulsions are among the greatest crimes since Genghis Khan."

This is not to deny that many farmers are doing as well as many farmers are doing in other countries: but the general impression I received was that the position of vast numbers of people in the villages is deplorable. Millions of the expellees are without possessions of any kind. Their plight cannot be realised from mere descriptions.

14 Henrietta Street, W.C.2, **Victor Gollancz**

PAINTING AND THE NATIONAL INCOME

Sir,—Mr. Berenson's article on "Painting and the National Income" touches the fringe of a magnificent idea. But it deals mainly with symptoms and the cure of symptoms. What is the ultimate reason why Paris became the centre of gravity for the visual arts in Europe? Certainly they happened to have good painters and their propaganda has always been irresistible. But both these causes are themselves the effect of a deeper cause—a passionate and popular belief in the visual arts: not only in painting but in dressmaking, window display, stage *décor* and a hundred kindred minor arts. Only such a passionate belief held by the producer will make the product exportable. We English manage to export cricket with the greatest efficiency and ease. Every time a bat hits a ball in Australia a sentence describing the event appears in fifty English newspapers. Propaganda is a mild word for such a display of unregimented enthusiasm.

If, then, the centre of gravity for painting as an exportable product is to be shifted from Paris to London, the first step must be an emotional one. The rest—space in newspapers, adequate art galleries, schools of art as serious in purpose and as lofty in prestige as Oxford or Cambridge, a *Quartier Latin*—all these will follow automatically. The Government, the editors of newspapers, the town-planners and the shop-window dressers will all respond to the emotional urge without pressure either from Mr. Berenson above or from the artist below.

Oddly enough, I believe it can be done, and for two reasons. First I believe that an emotional change *is* taking place. It has not gone far enough yet, but there is plenty of evidence. Take a single example. Covent Garden now insists on employing painters to design its major productions and although the visual standard in the theatre in general is still deplorable, here at the very top is a standard being set that will inevitably percolate downwards.

Secondly, Paris, though she still retains the machinery and the enthusiasm, no longer has the painters. The initiative, the creative invention, is slowly passing to England. It will not pass without a struggle, for the economic factors at stake are heavy as Mr. Berenson has pointed out.

It is too big a subject to tackle in your correspondence columns but if I am right in thinking that a situation is developing in which London might conceivably take the place of Paris as an export centre of the visual arts, then the sooner our visionaries and our planners get busy the better. Both are needed. It needs vision to see London as "the most attractive gathering place in the white man's world" and it needs massive organisation to make it so. In some respects—climate for example—the scales are heavily weighted against us, but it is not an impossible dream. My object in writing this letter is to point out that it can only come true if we believe in art: never if we only believe in export.

Eric Newton

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

It will soon be impossible to find any fresh matter for anthologies. The industrious compilers of treasuries and garlands have ransacked every theme in poetry and in prose; poems long and short, sermons, epigrams, aphorisms, letters, recipes and mere remarks—the *obiter dicta* of the famous. The last words of the great have been collected. There is no garland, as yet, of *first* words in the utterance of babies: these, by a law of natural phonology, would be monotonously monosyllabic, unless gathered from the Lives of the Saints, many of whom spoke out before the profane can speak at all, and pronounced dentals before they had grown teeth.

But here, with a thesaurus comparatively new, appear that revered scholar in English letters, Sir Herbert Grierson, and his "partner and friend of past days," Mr. Sandys Wason. They present another sort of anthology of first and last words: a collection of prefaces, forewords, introductions, preludes and epilogues; with a few dedications added. In his introduction to introductions, a preface to the fifty prefaces included here,* Sir Herbert Grierson disarms criticism, without in the least attempting to anticipate it. He excuses the "somewhat miscellaneous" aspect of his collection by pointing to its "guiding star." We are not to look for the interest of subject-matter in itself, nor for style for its own sake, in this anthology. We are to seek always for intimate feeling and character. We are to overhear "the personal note."

Is it true, then, that our great writers, from Chaucer to Hardy and Yeats, discover their personalities, confess themselves, more readily in a prologue, or in an epilogue, than in the book, the play, the poem (especially), that they leave for critical judgment? Do they reveal themselves while they are explaining their intentions? Can they be perfectly open and honest while they are addressing an audience or pretending to be private in a published dedication to a friend? It is a questionable point. In prefaces, which are usually explanatory or defensive, we approach the perils of oratory, of persuasive literature, of those writers who, as Sir Herbert Grierson remarks (after Keats and John Stuart Mill) are primarily interested in awakening and directing the emotions of an audience and not in the adequate communication of their own. But Sir Herbert believes that at least some prefaces betray the feelings that have been "kept in check in the effort to be objective or conciliatory."

In the late seventeenth century, with Dryden, and in the eighteenth, with the honourable exception of Dr. Johnson, in what is perhaps the finest Preface of English literature, addresses were to the Patron, and therefore pieces of flattery. But in the final words of that great introduction to Johnson's Dictionary, we come upon the lonely author scorning the praise of his public. Listen, once more, to the personal note of the writer who doesn't care:

> I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

Johnson, however, was not the first to write a defiant preface, of the sort which has become more common since writers, dissociated from readers, whom they often affect to despise as ungentle, have adopted an attitude of "take it or leave it" before the unlettered herd. This anthology unhappily neglects the insulting introduction, inspired by ill-success. One of the most vigorous of these is in the second part of Drayton's *Poly-olbion*. The strenuous poet had counted upon a vast success for his topographical poem in Alexandrines. Success never came, and thus he responds (in a preface) to his failure:

> But it hath fallen out otherwise, for instead of that comfort, which my noble friends (from the freedome of their Spirits) proposed as my due, I have met with barbarous Ignorance, and base Detraction; such a cloud hath the Devill drawne over the World's Judgement, whose opinion is in few yeares fallen so farre below all Ballatry, that the Lethargy is incurable; nay some of the Stationers that had the selling of the first part of this Poeme, because it went not so fast away in the Sale, as some of their beastly and abominable Trash (a shame both to our language and nation) have either despightfully left out, or at least carefully neglected the Epistles to the Readers.

This, with Johnson's, is the sort of preliminary taunt that proudly exhibits the writer's independence. "Let none read me, so only that I write what pleases God." But others offer what they have to give, not so much in pique and after provocation, as in the restrained pride of men who have done their best and can do no more. Thus Milton, too lengthily quoted here in his overladen and often rancorous prose—"I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die." Better, because shorter and simpler, is the preface, chosen, with wise discrimination by the compilers, from Coventry Patmore's second collective edition of his Poems:

> I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and, should there be a posterity that cares for letters, I dare hope that it will respect me.

This contrasts with the tediously argumentative tone of Milton in his prose, as distinct from the magnificent appeals of the three "preludes," here given, from *Paradise Lost*; with the apocalpytic arrogance of William Blake, far from his best in his preface to *Milton*; with the pertness of Byron's dedication to *Don Juan*; and, I may add, the pretentiousness of W. B. Yeats's preface to the poems of 1899-1905. Indeed, part of the fun in searching prefaces for personal notes is in the discovery of divergences in persons. Thus Yeats, with his gyrations, and his incessant effort to confer a mystical inspiration upon beautiful poems that he sometimes ruined by revision—as in his rewriting of *The Shadowy Waters*—contrasts with the following and final extract in this book: Hardy's fine apology for his *Late Lyrics and Earlier* of 1922. And there is another amusing contrast: that between the views taken by writers of their function and purpose as "makers." Thus, here, W. H. White (Mark Rutherford) will ladle out the old nonsense about the superiority of living to thinking and dreaming, while, next door to him, comes the noble but modest defence of the "theoretic" life in F. H. Bradley's introduction to *Appearance and Reality*.

"We have doubtless omitted several prefaces which a wider reading, or better memory (and we grow old), or necessary permission might have given us." So Sir Herbert Grierson in the last paragraph of his Introduction on Introductions.

We hope not to appear ungrateful if we regret the omission of others, apart from the one already missed from Drayton.

The compilers have silenced the personal note sounding before or after those books that are throughout self-revealing, in professed or concealed autobiography: they name as authors who thus diffused personality too widely for excerpt, Burton, Sterne, Carlyle, Newman.

I regret Burton, as Dr. Johnson would have done, and one looks in vain for those eloquent and simple words of Newman's *Apologia* which reconcile even the infidel to the gentle casuist's theological sophistries in the bulk of the book. In the spirit of love he recalls the friends of his youth:

> In you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church . . .

What more moving "last words" than these have we in the autobiographical writing of epilogues?

What else do we miss? We seem to have fallen again into the constantly renewed battle between Thackerayans and Dickensians. For if we have the preface to *Pendennis*, we have, to the rage of Dickensians, nothing at all from Dickens, who, though he does not keep nudging and elbowing us as Thackeray does all through *his* novels, abounds in expression of his farewell feelings, in "personal confidences and private emotions," as he hands each of his infants into the welcoming arms of an adoring public:

> It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is *David Copperfield*.

And is there not also the briefer note before *Dombey and Son*, which recounts the confusion in the author's mind between the places far from London where the book pieced itself together, and reveals his restless wanderings about the streets of Paris, mourning the death of little Paul?—that death that drew tears from everybody, even from Thackeray; the death nowadays embarrassingly soused in wild waves always saying a confused something; the murder many of us still regret, because, in committing it, Dickens missed one of his greatest subjects: the growth of the sensitive thoughtful child (one of the best of his small boys, until the wild waves began their conversation) alongside the arrogant, ruthless father. Well might Dickens have mourned Paul by the banks of the Seine. In murdering him, the author killed the book, as well as the firm, of *Dombey and Son*.

Where, next, is Henry James? What, nothing from those involved, but often delightfully personal, prefaces to the revised edition of his novels—nothing from the account of *Roderick Hudson*, begun in Florence, continued in the Black Forest, and near Boston, his first attempt at "a long fiction with a complicated subject"? "How the blue southern sea seemed to spread immediately before me and the heath of the spice-islands to be already in the breeze." We miss also the contrast between the simple Daisy Miller and "those awful young women"—the real Daisies—whom James saw in Venice; with the "private source" of *The Turn of the Screw*, disclosed "one winter afternoon round the hall-fire of a grave old country house."

But enough of these omissions. Modestly the anthologists again disarm criticism by lamenting a possible failure of memory. We cannot all agree with Sir Herbert Grierson that "the Preface or Introduction to a book is in general skipped." He adds "by at least more youthful readers." Some authors indeed appear deliberately to invite skipping by their first words. To take only one example: the prelude to Meredith's *Egoist* is calculated to deter the reader of any age, not only from *The Egoist* but from the whole of Meredith. Others win one "at the porches and entries of their buildings"—to quote words of John Donne so greatly edited by Sir Herbert Grierson—by their simplicity, modesty and self-restraint. For those qualities, is not one of the greatest prefaces to one of the greatest books in all literature the few lines prefixed to the 1580 edition of Montaigne's essays? *C'est icy un livre de bonne foy lecteur.* "Reader, loe here a well-meaning Booke," as old Florio, with his usual charm and inaccuracy, translates it. The good faith, the fair intention, the manifest sincerity—these make perfect prefaces. But Montaigne is a Frenchman. It is unfair to quote him. I grow irrelevant, and, what is worse, tedious. I salute Sir Herbert Grierson in a brief epilogue of thanks. For him I adapt words from another omitted author, Sir Thomas Browne, whose grand Epistle Dedicatory to the *Urne-Buriall* ends: "I look upon you as a Gemme of the Old Rock, and must professe myself even to Urne and Ashes"—your admirer,

RICHARD JENNINGS

---

* *The Personal Note:* By H. J. C. GRIERSON AND SANDYS WASON. *Chatto & Windus*, 7s. 6d.

GOODNESS OF NATURE

War in Val d'Orcia. By IRIS ORIGO. *Cape.* 10s. *6d.*

Does one Englishman in ten thousand know where the Val d'Orcia is, or even how it is pronounced? I fear that the title of this work will reduce its sale, which would be a thousand pities. Instructive as it will be to the specialist in Italian politics and indeed to everyone civilised enough to be concerned with Anglo-Italian relations, the book must in the first instance be recommended as a delightfully vivid account of an individual and her life during eighteen agitated months. It consists of a diary kept from January 1943 to July 1944, when the Scots Guards arrived at the writer's home in Southern Tuscany, a few miles from the exquisite little Renaissance city of Pienza.

The authoress is already known to us by her charmingly intelligent books on Leopardi and on Byron's daughter, Allegra. An Anglo-American by birth, the wife of an Italian, the proprietor of an estate counting seventy-five farms, worked on the *métayage* principle, she was used to making herself responsible for the well-being of the six hundred *contadini* on her property. When the bombing of the North Italian cities began, she offered hospitality to a number of children from Turin and Genoa. (She has two small children of her own.) Her appetite growing with what it fed on, she next found herself harbouring Italian partisans, escaped Allied prisoners of war, Jews flying from persecution, and even German deserters. Food the farms provided: clothes, and particularly boots, were a constant tax upon ingenuity. In due course the authoress and her husband became more and more suspect to the Fascists and the Germans: they were denounced in local papers, and spies were sent to scrutinise this hive of illegality. The Front came nearer, all too slowly; German parachutists were billeted in the house; and finally she found that her home had become the Front.

Sedulous as she has been in avoiding self-praise, she cannot prevent us from discovering that she showed constant and spontaneous courage. Courage, however, has turned out to be far less rare than anyone before the War could have supposed. What I find more remarkable is her good sense—and her goodness. The ever more weighty burden of responsibility, to be carried through times of ever increasing stress, was accepted without question, and so cheerfully that one might almost say she welcomed it. In the nastiest moments she remained observant; and however sympathetic she did not fail also to be amused.

Two escaped British soldiers are discovered nonchalant in deck-chairs in the garden: their welcoming hostess suggests a talk in a more secluded spot. Two other soldiers, Germans this time, seeing her children, walk in, ask these to sing to them, and are regaled with *Heilige Nacht*. There is a children's party in the garden, when the Front is already close, and aircraft sweep down on the valley roads during the three-legged races. Rumours are fantastic, and sometimes the most fantastic ones are true. Bishops dash to the rescue, hiding Jewish men in nunneries. The authoress teaches English and Latin to the refugee children. Mussolini is arrested; and escapes. Arezzo is totally destroyed. (It wasn't.) The local partisans put to death their leader, and for very good reasons. The German archaeological expert who is responsible for preserving the Tuscan art-treasures turns up, and speaks with liking of his opposite numbers, Kenneth Clarke and Leonard Woolley. The Carabinieri desert because they are told to wear black shirts. The Allies and the Germans drop leaflets giving contrary advice. A refugee child suddenly becomes dumb. Appalling stories of the V.1 attacks on England are broadcast, and there are days of anguish, of waiting in vain for a denial from the B.B.C. Allied bombers use their machine-guns on harmless civilians on the roads. German soldiers walk about the house naked, and wear the authoress's hats.

Of such lively, quotidian details the book is made up. The authoress in her preface discusses the help so generously, bravely and self-denyingly given by Italian country folk to tens of thousands of Allied prisoners. It would in most cases be a mistake, she says, to attribute it to any political or even patriotic motive. A British officer, who owes his life to such help, is quoted:

> The peasants' native sympathy with the underdog and the outcast asserted itself. Simple Christianity impelled them to befriend these complete strangers, feed them, clothe them, and help them on their way. . . . All over Italy this miracle was to be seen, the simple dignity of humble people who saw in the escaped prisoners not representatives of a power to be withstood or placated, but individuals in need of their help.

Similarly an Italian partisan, the author of *Un uomo, un partigiano*, has spoken of "the simplest of all ties between one man and another; the tie that arises between the man who asks for what he needs, and the man who comes to his aid as best he can." Fascism, so much more superficial in Italy than Nazism in Germany, failed conspicuously to break this tie. Perhaps it is the most odious feature of totalitarian creeds that they attempt to break it. (Even in this country, with its splendid record as an asylum, we have lived to see Englishmen demanding the expulsion of political refugees!) Perhaps the authoress hopes too much from simple kindness, treating that "Godlike crime" as a panacea. The Italy she has lived in is now paying a terrible price for not having extended private virtues into public life. Nevertheless her summing up remains important:

> I have become chary of generalizations about countries and nations; I believe in individuals, and in the relationship of individuals to one another. When I look back upon these years of tension and expectation, of destruction and sorrow, it is individual acts of kindness, courage or faith that illuminate them; it is in them that I trust. I remember a British prisoner of war in the Val d'Orcia helping the peasant's wife to draw water from the well, with a ragged, beaming small child at his heels. I remember the peasant's wife mending his socks, knitting him a sweater, and baking her best cake for him, in tears, on the day of his departure.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

LADY GREGORY

Lady Gregory's Journals 1916-1930. Edited by LENNOX ROBINSON. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

Lady Gregory was not a natural diarist, which is a fact to be regretted, because she lived, even before her association with Yeats and the Abbey, an interesting life. Her husband was born the year after Waterloo; a schoolfellow of Trollope, a distinguished Governor of Ceylon and a life-long lover of literature, he continued to entertain the eminent until his death in 1892; according to Lennox Robinson, he was prevented from fighting the last duel in England only by the personal intervention of Sir Robert Peel. The shy, intelligent Galway girl must have heard some good talk during the twelve years of her marriage; and, as she was to prove long afterwards in her plays, she had an accurate memory and a fine ear for talk. Alas, it was not until her sixty-fifth year that she began to keep a diary, and then she did so for a characteristically practical reason: to record the course of her protracted and unsuccessful efforts to secure the return of the Hugh Lane pictures to Ireland. She was not an introspective or reflective character; her main contribution to the Irish literary movement was her practical, uncompromising energy and decision; she was always ready for a fight on a matter of principle, but through all the tussles of thirty years with Castle, Church and Public she never lost sight of her goal: the health and prosperity of the Abbey Theatre. She was the Cosima Wagner of Ireland, and her posthumous reward from that ungrateful country was the instant demolition, by the Forestry Department, of her famous and beloved house. Ireland is not so rich in literary history as to be able to contemplate with indifference the wanton sack of Coole.

Of the tranquil life of Coole, its seven woods, its rich library, its many visitors and its happy relationship—even during the worst of the troubles—with the surrounding country people, the reader of these journals receives a charming impression. There is a suggestion of Turgeniev about the placid country-house existence: "To-day I have been as usual gathering fruit for the children and have arranged nets in the vinery for the ripening nectarines to fall into, and have covered plum jam, and written a scenario for my Aristotle play." But at the slightest hint of trouble at the theatre, she is off at once on the long journey across Ireland, an immense home-made barmbrack for the actors under her arm, to argue, disentangle, improvise, placate. At the age of sixty-seven, when no actress can be found to play the part of Yeats's Kathleen ni Houlihan, she plays it herself, not once but three or four times. Ten years later, after the same journey and a three-hour wait at Mullingar, finding the theatre full, she watches *Juno and the Paycock* from a chair in the draughty wings. One sees clearly that, without her, the Abbey would have crumpled up a dozen times.

In spite of her social and religious background, Lady Gregory was, in her own words, "'a rebel' with the Nationalists all through—more than they know or my nearest realised." On the Rising of 1916 and the subsequent executions of Casement and the rest we find no comments: a silence explained by Mr. Robinson with the strange remark that her Journals "begin a few years later" (can he mean months?). Though she was a woman of peace, her attitude to violence seems at times equivocal: she often quotes a sad phrase from one of her own plays, "Death answering to Death like the clerks answering one another at the Mass," but she also records, without any apparent disapproval, the gun-running activities of her friends Mary Spring-Rice and Mrs. Erskine Childers. She was rightly indignant at the atrocities committed by the Black-and-Tans, which she exposed in an anonymous series of articles in *The Nation*; but she has, extraordinary as its seems, nothing at all to say about the murder, not many miles away on the Galway road, of her own nephew; at least, if she made any comment on this event, it seems unlikely that Mr. Robinson would have cut it out while retaining such domestic trivialities as the purchase of a "lovely sports car" by her grandson.

On the whole, I don't doubt that Mr. Robinson has selected well; certainly he displays a scrupulous disregard for his own feelings, for he and Lady Gregory often found themselves at loggerheads in the direction of the Abbey. But the division of the book into six sections according to subject-matter has not worked out well: there is much overlapping, we sometimes come across the beginning of an episode of which we already know the end, and in any case the continual shuttling up and down the years is a distraction. Far better to have preserved a simple chronological sequence and given the book a proper index in place of the present one, which is so slipshod as to be useless.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FRED JOWETT

Socialism Over Sixty Years. By FENNER BROCKWAY. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

The Independent Labour Party is not wholly dead, but this political biography of Fred Jowett may well serve as its epitaph. For Jowett was one of the delegates to its inaugural conference at Bradford in 1893, and he held a leading position in the party until his death just three years ago. His life faithfully reflected the changing fortunes of the party to which he gave himself unsparingly. As a youth, he was a Socialist of courage and ability, taking his full share in the pioneering work which led to the formation of the Labour Party. He was a man of principle and integrity and, to the end, he preferred to be in the wilderness than to be popular at the price of his convictions. He reached the peak of his career when he held a post in the MacDonald Government of 1924—the year when the I.L.P. had 129 members in the House of Commons. He was thought too old and too radical to be included in the second Labour Government and, as a bitter critic of MacDonald and his associates, he naturally went with the I.L.P. when it broke with the Labour Party. It was already on the decline, but from that point neither Jowett nor his party carried much weight in British politics. Jowett himself, though he had lost none of his fire, was growing old, one of the last survivors of the band of men who built the modern Labour movement. The I.L.P. became a small sectarian body, with little influence and ineffectual policies. It has hung on till now by appealing to the loyalty of those who could find a political home neither in the Labour Party, which was damned as reformist, nor with the Communists, who were condemned as agents of the autocrats in the Kremlin. In such a party, personalities count for a good deal, and the loss of a number of its leaders has been a heavy blow to the remnant of this once impressive party. Maxton died two years after Jowett. John McGovern, one of the Clyde triumvirate in Parliament, has broken with his colleagues. Finally, the author of this book, for long general secretary of the I.L.P., has recently resigned to join the Labour Party. After fifty years, the curtain is falling on the party which pioneered the British form of Socialism.

Mr. Brockway's close friendship with Jowett and his personal participation in many of the events that he describes are good qualifications for his task as a biographer. But they are also responsible, I believe, for the shortcomings of this elaborate study. For Mr. Brockway is too near his subject. To him, Jowett was a comrade for many years. To him, also, the I.L.P. was a party to which both he and Jowett had devoted the greater part of their lives. It is not easy to look objectively at such old friends and, though Mr. Brockway has made the effort, the picture presented to the reader lacks perspective. This is less true of the early years of the party, when it was the recruiting agent for individual Socialists and was a powerful element in the Labour movement. Here Mr. Brockway is an interesting historian. But the latter part of the book becomes tedious in its attempt, by recitation of detail, to explain and justify the attitude taken by Fred Jowett and his party. This would not matter very much if Mr. Brockway had given us a serious analysis of the disintegration of the I.L.P. But his account of the last fifteen years skates round the more delicate issues and tells us very little about the I.L.P. or the Labour movement as a whole in this period. This would have been a better book if it had ended in the early Thirties. But it is a biography and so Mr. Brockway had to plod on until Jowett died, letting his party down as lightly as he could, for he was still one of its leading officials when he was writing the book.

This criticism apart, the book can certainly be read with value by anyone interested in the development of Socialism in Britain. For it contains a large amount of interesting material, some of it—like the bitter attack on Ramsay MacDonald which Snowden made in his private letters—previously unpublished. Mr. Brockway has succeeded in bringing the pioneering days to life. (He is helped in this by the preface written by J. B. Priestley and by the fact that Jowett himself contributed some recollections in an introduction written before he died.) The account of the two minority Labour Governments, moreover, shows that the present Cabinet is avoiding the more obvious errors of its predecessors. Yes, this book, or parts of it, are worth reading as a commentary on the origins and rise of the Labour Party. But the history of the I.L.P. must one day be written by someone who can view it more critically than Mr. Brockway. He has, I feel, done full justice to his comrade Jowett: his view of the party he has lately left is, understandably, too kind.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

DIRTY LINEN

Foreign Mud. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber 21s.*

In this book Mr. Collis continues his entertaining researches into the byways of Far Eastern history. He has already dealt in outline with the relations of China and the West (*The Great Within*) up to 1900, and in *Foreign Mud* he slightly retraces his steps to tell in more detail the story of the opium trade at Canton in the Eighteen-Thirties and the Anglo-Chinese War in which it culminated. Not all historians are agreed that in going to war with China Britain was activated solely by an intention to force opium on the Chinese people, and in failing to suggest that there is another side to the question Mr. Collis may be accused slightly of bias. Nevertheless, this is a pretty dirty story.

By the early years of the eighteenth century the East India Company had so far succeeded in its commercial undertakings that it was given the monopoly of all British trade with the Far East, and in 1715 it had firmly established itself in Canton as the principal foreign agency trading with China. The Company was, by the standards of those days, an honest and straightforward trading concern, and in establishing itself in Canton its main purpose was, if possible by legitimate commercial methods, to open China to British trade. Its chief concern was the purchase of China tea; the difficulty was how to pay for it. The normal methods of trading exchange could not be employed, for the simple reason that China was in those days closed to foreigners. In permitting the British and other Europeans to establish themselves in Canton, the East India Company was governed by what were known as the Eight Regulations, which had been drawn up by the Chinese Government for the express purpose of limiting their activities. These Regulations were cleverly designed so as to squeeze as much money as possible out of the foreigners while reducing their contacts with the Chinese people to an absolute minimum.

There was, however, a chink, so to speak, in the Chinese armour, and it went by the name of "foreign mud," or opium, to get which the people seemed prepared to go to almost any lengths. We come now to a nice example of British hypocrisy. Although the opium was grown in India and was actually owned by the East India Company, it would not have been in accordance with the best commercial principles for the Company openly to trade in the drug, more particularly because its import into China was forbidden. It had, therefore, to be smuggled into the country by means of outside organisations, and it was in this shady manner that most of the big and now highly respectable British trading concerns in the Far East originally came into being. Huge fortunes were made, and it is pleasant to record that at least a few Chinese got a share of the profit. Not openly, of course; but, since their cooperation was essential to the smugglers' activities, large sums of money changed hands in the form of "squeeze." It was a profitable time for Chinese officials in the coastal districts, many of whom did as well out of the illegal traffic as these progenitors of the "Old China Hand."

In favour of the British it must at least be said that the illegal drug traffic would not have been

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necessary if the Chinese had agreed to open their country to Europeans, for, as Mr. Collis points out, "then the spread of new ideas would have resulted in a greatly increased demand for Western goods." As a result of the Napoleonic wars Britain had become the most powerful nation in the world, and at the time in question it was certainly within the power of Britain to force China to make a modern commercial treaty. The insolence of the Manchu Emperor was in itself insufficient excuse for declaring war, but after some years of incompetent negotiation, in which our Foreign Office seemed little interested, a *casus belli* was eventually hashed up as a result of the long-drawn-out protestations of one William Jardine, founder of Jardine and Matheson, who, before the recent war with Japan, were still the biggest trading concern in the Far East.

"The cynic," notes Mr. Collis, "may find it amusing that civilisation should owe so much to the man who made a fortune by supplying the Chinese with opium and whose advice to the Government, while calculated to open the China market in general, was also prompted by the hope that military operations would dissolve those grievous impediments which for so long had hampered him from supplying them in the more generous measure he would have liked."

Mr. Collis is at his best when he strays from the strict path of history. His descriptions of life at Macao and in the British factories at Canton are admirably done; indeed, the whole book is so easy to read that the casual reader may not realise the amount of scholarship that has undoubtedly gone into its making. There are some delightful contemporary illustrations, reproduced in collotype, one or two of them by George Chinnery, whose work is now represented in the Tate Gallery.

JOHN MORRIS

POTTED MILLER

Murder the Murderer. By HENRY MILLER. *The Delphic Press.* 3s. 6d.

Sunday after the War. By HENRY MILLER. *Poetry London.* 10s.

Mr. Henry Miller is a difficult writer to assess. His novels are not novels; they are formless, sprawling, autobiographical slices of life, stamped with vitriel, coloured drably in black and white; above all they are iconoclastic, nihilistic, and always subjective.

It is difficult to see how he is compared with Proust and Lawrence, since Mr. Miller has created no memorable character worthy of such a comparison: all he has given—flaunted, rather,—is his own character in various stages of indiscreet exposure. His work is filled with his own personal prejudices; it is so uneven that you would say it was written under the compelling pressure of an obsession or drug. Yet he is sincere—he is no cheap jack peddling obscene pictures for profit (in fact few writers could have had a greater raw deal financially), and he believes in himself and his theories with an ardour that is sometimes depressing. At moments the *longueurs*, the shrill prophetic cries against a "doomed" world, give way to passages of frenzied brilliance, particularly in his early novels—the two *Tropics* and *Black Spring*—and it is then that he discovers something unique to say.

One explanation of his unequal work is probably to be found in his method. One gets the impression of a writer unused to planning or discipline of thought; once he is seized by his emotion it gains absolute control and swamps his intelligence. Things that normally would be pruned or cut out in that awful moment, the morning after the emotion has subsided, are allowed to remain under the assumption that what is conceived with passion must be treated as vision or revelation.

His latest work shows that his emotion gains control more often. In these two books Mr. Miller becomes the denunciatory orator so determined to reform us that he forgets many of his arguments have been used too frequently before.

> The vast majority of mankind is either ignorant, or deluded, or both.
>
> The great sin, I think you will agree, is ignorance.
>
> The truth is that nobody is really fond of war, not even the military minded.
>
> We learn through suffering.

How many times, at Hyde Park Corner, or in the Army, have these things been thrown at our heads?

Murder the Murderer contains gems of this kind on every page. It is a flimsy publication produced by a new and apparently ambitious publisher, and consists of two private letters, the first written in 1941 and the second in 1944; and both are extracts from a book Mr. Miller is writing on America called *The Air-conditioned Nightmare*. The strange title, by the way, is only matched by the crimson print, which is something of a nightmare for tired eyes.

Reading other people's letters is often a dull business, particularly if they are self-consciously written for publication, and these two epistles are heavy going. Fortunately for Mr. Miller the censor did not see these letters (they were never posted) because large fragments might have been objected to. Mr. Miller tells us that at the blackest period of the war he was in favour of allowing Hitler to conquer the world, on the strange assumption that once the Dictator gained his objective he would find it too much for him, and Nazism would collapse. This idea is inspired by Mr. Miller's admiration for the Indian theory of non-resistance, and his answer to those people who quite naturally demanded what he would do under the German regime, was simply that his books would receive no worse treatment under the Nazis than they had already suffered under the British and Americans. Pacifism has found many reasons for its existence, but surely never before has it been avowedly based on the sales of an author's books!

Sunday after the War has the advantage, at least, of being printed in conventional black print; again we are given a collection of fragments (this habit is almost becoming a disease) on Art, D. H. Lawrence and life. Two of these pieces were apparently commissioned but never published until they saw the light of day in this collection. There is a highly unpleasant description of a meeting with his family called *Reunion in Brooklyn*, two letters to *Anais Nin*, and several more chunks of autobiography.

The emphasis this time is not on war, but on Mr. Miller's attitude towards humanity. He tells us that he has never been able to accept the modern way of life; and rather than compromise and become a slave to a system he thinks poison, he would rather go into the wilderness to seek voluntary isolation. It is difficult to do this in these days without a private income; and poverty has had a worse effect on him than a more ordinary way of life might have had. His isolation has only been a physical one, for intellectually he has never ceased living in and attacking the life he tried to renounce.

He tells the world that it is dying of too much sex, cinemas, radios, drugs, and other stimulants; though after reading the three fragments called *The Rosy Crucifixion* one might be forgiven for thinking that it is Mr. Miller who has had a surfeit, and not the world.

He is also tormented by the thought of women and their power over men. Emotion must be avoided like 'flu. The only trouble about this is that to make oneself proof against feeling is to leave one only a sterile world in which to live. It leaves a vacuum inside one, and makes all things meaningless such as, for example, Mr. Miller's

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liaisons with women. The episode where he seduces a waitress against a radiator is typical enough. A few words to start with; a little functional agitation, then an abrupt farewell, and Mr. Miller remains detached and not a little bitter. Where does all this lead, except to a literary and emotional graveyard?

But it is not until he gets on to the subject of cinemas in his *Preface to Hollywood Hallucination* that he lets off his really big guns. The most interesting part, factually speaking, is the new material he quotes from *The Production Code* on which the making of American films is based. It gives a strange insight into the minds of the American people.

> Revenge in modern times shall not be justified. In general, passion should be so treated that these scenes do not stimulate the lower and baser instincts.

In these two books Mr. Miller is often stimulating through his use of shock tactics, but taken in larger doses he palls and irritates. He has given us some of his worst faults with little of the redeeming brilliance of the earlier novels.

Robin King

EXPLORERS AND COLONISTS

Cook and the Opening of the Pacific. By J. A. Williamson. *English Universities Press. 4s. 6d.*

Chatham and the British Empire. By Sir Charles Grant Robertson. *English Universities Press. 4s. 6d.*

My notion of the past, I find, is best represented by a long picture-gallery. The first World War breaks up on this principle into a series of twenty or thirty canvases: "The Serbian Crisis," "The Invasion of Belgium," and so on. That set of pictures became fixed in my head before I left school, and as I learn more details I merely add them to the pictures already existing. Further back, my canvases grow larger. The panoramic "Charles versus Parliament" has to make room for multitudes. There is, moreover, a broad chaos of actions and ideas for which I have not so far found a place at all.

This image may help to simplify part of the socialist-individualist quarrel. Should the historian be a portrait-painter or a group-painter or a landscape-painter? The "Teach Yourself History" series, to which the present volumes are a contribution, avoids the problem skilfully. Each author is to aim "by way of a biography of a great man to open up a significant historical theme." History is to be treated as a picture-gallery in the manner suggested, and each picture is to be grouped around a hero. Carlyle and Voltaire (and also, I should say, the average reader) can allow their attention to be caught by the hero, and then proceed to the lesser figures and the setting; Feuerbach, if he pleases, can maintain that the hero is essentially nothing but a patch of canvas determined and delimited by the background. Truth is not sacrificed or curtailed, yet the form precludes the demand for a decision on behalf of one school or the other. The editor, in short, has devised for the popular presentation of History a method which is about as near being impartial as any yet known.

Cook and the Opening of the Pacific is not quite a perfect example of the method. The mass of necessary detail about other explorers, covering three hundred years, cannot be brought into precise relationship with the hero. Several historical pictures are involved; they are not closely connected, are not even adjacent, but geographical fact forces them into an artificial unity. Mr. Williamson's opening chapters could not perhaps have been managed any better, but they remain indigestible. The preface should doubtless have been confined to a short outline of the "Terra Australis Incognita" legend and how it grew. Summaries of previous voyages could then have been worked in as the writer followed Cook. I do not wish to make much of a purely artistic criticism; but the series, after all, is meant for the general reader, and it seems to me that the general reader will want to get quickly to the main story without having to work

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Company Meetings

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

The Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held at the Head Office, 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2, on Wednesday, February 5th, 1947. The following are extracts from the Statement by the Chairman, the Hon. Rupert E. Beckett, which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts:—

For the past year Deposit and Current Account balances show an increase of more than £130 millions. We have earned a profit available for distribution of £1,366,622, which is less than 1945 by £38,970. It has been decided to deal with this sum as follows: to place £300,000 to Officers' Pension Fund, £200,000 to Bank Premises Reinstatement and Rebuilding Account, and to pay, less tax, the same dividends as last year. This year there appears for the first time in our Statement of Accounts the audited accounts of our Foreign Auxiliary, Westminster Foreign Bank; the year's working has resulted in a modest profit. The Ulster Bank figures are satisfactory, though the profit is some £5,000 less than that for 1945.

I pass on to the subject that engrosses the attention of us all—our country's economic well-being. Our budgets are coming down to more tractable levels. We have succeeded in limiting the annual interest and management charges on our National Debt to about double the pre-war sum. But this moderation of the tax burden has been made possible by the unrelenting pursuit of cheap money, which is arbitrary and often inequitable in its effects.

Our coal industry is in a most unsatisfactory state. The total production of coal since June, 1945, has been at the annual rate of 185 million tons, against 226 million tons in 1938. If we cannot solve the coal problem, our future in the industrial world is indeed bleak.

The development of our export trade affords us some encouragement. We are now running at a level about 20 per cent. above that of 1938. Even in a seller's market this may be accounted a creditable performance. The American and Canadian loans are helping us out for the time being, but Sir Stafford Cripps has reminded us that the dollars are being rapidly spent.

The rehousing of our people continues to be slow and wholly inadequate to the great need. Our food situation remains frugal and austere. Domestic goods remain in short supply.

We have not yet moved very far along the road to recovery. There are many factors impeding progress; two comparatively new ones have to be taken into account.

The first of these is the modern growth of Government intervention. The war forced us to turn the whole of our energy and resources into the single task of its prosecution, and this entailed Government direction throughout our economy. Controls are mainly repressive, but the demands of peace are all for freedom and enlargement. The withdrawal of the principal controls is not yet practicable, but their eventual removal must be kept ever in view. The merits and demerits of nationalisation I shall not discuss. But I do question the timeliness of so radical and far-reaching a change at this present juncture. Our present-day problems are essentially short-term; we want tangible results in the shortest possible time.

The second of the new factors is the prevailing psychological attitude of our people. A spirit of apathy pervades the whole community, and there is little sign anywhere of willing and cheerful service. Many people—and, regrettably, young people—are feeling the urge to play for safety and security.

The heart of our problems is production. Production means slogging at our jobs. It is the hard way to our salvation, but there is no other. And a bit of conscientious work will help us to regain that morale and self-respect we stand in danger of losing.

If directorates, managements and rank and file will re-dedicate themselves to their daily tasks, the sooner will a brighter day dawn for Britain. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

NEED FOR MAXIMUM PRODUCTION

The annual meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited was held on 31st January at the Head Office, London.

The following is an extract from the statement circulated by the chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.L., with the report and accounts:

Our profit at £1,583,000 is only slightly lower than last year and may be considered satisfactory, a contributory factor being the large increase in our resources. Current deposit and other accounts at £1,012 million are the highest in our history and are £145 million greater than last year. This large increase is far larger than was anticipated, and it will be very disquieting if this expansion of bank credit continues. The additional resources are reflected in increases in money at call, Treasury Bills and investments. It is pleasing to record that loans and advances show an expansion of £25 million; it is hoped that this tendency will continue, but much depends upon an improvement in the position in regard to labour and the supply of coal and raw materials. We still have 58 per cent. of our total deposits held in cash, money at call, Treasury Deposit Receipts and Treasury Bills, the average earning on the aggregate of which is well below one-half per cent.

Recovery of our pre-war standard of living is clearly attainable only through vastly increased production, and the duty of every one is to give the greatest output of productive work of which he is capable.

Struggle for Exports

Second only to production comes export, and too great stress cannot be laid on the vital character of the struggle for exports in which this country is now engaged. During the last few months fresh light has been thrown on the importance not only of quantity but of the direction which exports must take. Compared with 1938, there is a deficit in trade with all important "hard" currency countries on which we depend for food and raw materials. That involves a drain on our exchange reserves. Also, to rehabilitate the economies of ex-enemy States will, it appears, make heavy drafts on our available dollars for at least a further three years.

Fundamentally, balance in our trade position can be restored only through a vigorous production drive to raise our output of food and manufactured goods. Yet our utmost effort will not suffice unless the United States is pursuing policies consistent with expanding world trade. It will be a tragedy if, after the wonderful Anglo-American comradeship in war, we cannot find means of co-operating in a great drive for expanding trade and raising the standards of living throughout the globe, the attainment of which can alone afford any firm basis for hopes of permanent peace in the world.

I believe that British exporters in a wide range of industries will find a surprisingly ready outlet for their goods in the United States if they will bend their efforts in that direction. Our bank and its affiliates stand ready and anxious to assist the export trade in every possible manner.

Two Bills now before Parliament are of great interest to us—the Exchange Control Bill and the Companies Bill. The critical position in regard to the dollar exchange is enough to prove the need for the continuance of strict exchange control, and no time limit can at present usefully be set within which control can be terminated.

Mention has already been made of the unexpectedly large increase in our deposits. I do not think it can be regarded as being entirely unconnected with the reduction to 2½ per cent. of the rate for long-term Government borrowing. It is no doubt within the power of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the long-term rate still further, if he is prepared to increase the proportion of floating to total debt. I may be permitted to express the view that on balance the reduction in rate has gone as far as is consistent with the maintenance of the wholesome relation between spending and saving which, together with increased productivity, is vital to the restoration of our economic health.

through 65 pages of text-book (there are only 246 pages in the whole volume.)

In achieving the balance between Cook and his surroundings, Mr. Williamson has succeeded admirably. The Captain is neither too commanding nor too much a mere functionary. Few personal facts are given, but they all tell. There emerges a picture of Eighteenth-century Man at his best: strong, tactful, dutiful, enlightened, and capable of doing great things almost unconsciously. On his first voyage, Captain Cook was required to take some astronomers into the South Seas to observe the transit of Venus. The astronomers failed, but the sea-captain incidentally explored Australasia. On his second voyage, Cook proved that there was no southern continent. He did this by sailing up and down where it was supposed to be; and, incidentally, he saved his country from going to war about it. On his third voyage he landed at Hawaii to do business with the natives, and, incidentally, gave rise to a cult of himself which lasted for decades till extinguished by missionaries. Cook became a god unawares, and even contrived to end as a Slain God. Two facts are especially eloquent in his favour. He took no chaplains, preferring to live and let live where native religion was concerned. He commanded an expedition of 112 men for three years, and lost only one man by disease—that disease not being scurvy. The defence rests.

Mr. Williamson well conveys the effect on civilised European minds of the immense vague tracts of sea. Dutch and Spanish success fostered the perennial myth of undiscovered riches. Bougainville fostered the hardly less devastating myth of the Noble Savage. Bougainville, it seems, was an amateur. Cook did not theorise; he quietly transferred as much territory as he could from the realm of myth to the realm of knowledge. And he remains the greatest discoverer of his time.

The same epoch of expansion appears under its political aspect in *Chatham and the British Empire*. The author writes with vigour and scholarship, and the structure of his book is sound, yet somehow he fails to be really interesting. There is a certain crowding of facts, a certain reversion toward the old-fashioned record of war and statecraft. The subject, of course, demands this, but to a modern reader (particularly a reader influenced by school on the one hand or by Marx on the other) the play of motives at the political level appears rather faded, rather deficient in meaning. If I am to read in detail about the rivalry of England with France in India and America, I want to be told what the English and French were doing there, and why they were doing it. "The thirteen colonies" (p. 86) had "a population probably of at least a million and a half (as against 100,000 French at a maximum in Canada)." There is a story behind this disproportion, a story which accounts for the collapse of the first French Empire, and we never get it. *Chatham* is much better than a school history; at its best it is like an apotheosis of the school history; but in this promising series we ought to escape from the school history altogether.

GEOFFREY ASHE

The Egg and I. By BETTY MACDONALD. *Hammond*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lurking in most of us, below our more adult sense of humour, is a faculty for being amused by certain elementary joke-ingredients, such as the vagaries of chickens. In this American best-seller (over 1,000,000 copies have been sold within ten months in America) the author describes her experiences on a chicken-farm on a remote ranch in the Olympic Mountains, Washington.

The house was ramshackle, and stood in a wilderness of neglected weeds and trees, five miles away from the nearest farm. Under the ruthless foremanship of her husband, she cleared the garden, repaired the buildings and constructed chicken-houses, regretting that her father had not made her learn carpentry instead of ballet-dancing. The chickens arrived; month after month she struggled with them, hating their loathsome ways, baffled by their obscure diseases and wanton courting of death. There were other difficulties—an obstinate and temperamental stove, incessant rain, wild animals, town-bred visitors and having a baby.

Mrs. Macdonald's sense of humour is crude and direct: "A woman in the next department became very excited and rushed into the street in her nightgown, where, I am happy to relate, a water main burst directly under her," or "A hired man . . . who looked as if he had been sired by a vacuum-cleaner." But her writing contains a robustness born out of her attitude to her experiences. Occasional imaginative phrases stand out, such as her description of days which "slipped down like junket, leaving no taste in the mouth." It is clear that the company of human beings was the most important compensation, and she excels in describing them. Her nearest neighbour, Mrs. Kettle, is an unforgettable figure.

Apart from the humour, which probably appeals more to American readers, one is left with a very convincing impression of the extreme discomfort to which an intelligent woman was subjected, without losing her sanity.

Me and Mine. By JACK JONES. *Hamish Hamilton*, 15*s.*

Unfinished Journey goes on—this time Jack Jones travels farther afield in the wide world, but focuses a good deal less clearly than when he stayed at home. He tours America and Canada, and later Italy and the Western Front, to expound Britain's cause. He undoubtedly did this well because he has the Welshman's community sense: but despite his magnanimity of mind, he really prefers the parish church to the Vatican—a disadvantage when writing letters home from abroad.

Like most so-called natural-writers, Jones has a naïve egoism which is warm and likeable when it concerns his own affairs but which is embarrassing on the international platform. *Me and Mine* is too much a journal of his travels and too little a genuine continuation of his autobiography. When he is as much concerned with "Mine" as with "Me" it is as moving as any of Jones' work—which means it can bring tears to the eyes without the aid of the onion of professional sentiment. If Mrs. Jones ever complained that her husband's national duties took him too often from home, his readers will add their complaints to hers.

The book is written in a rapid colloquial style—like someone breathlessly telling a story, or a soldier's letter—but this suits the give-and-take of family life reflecting it with verve and subtlety. It is slap-dash elsewhere.

Week-end Competitions

No. 885

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for five new Proverbs of Heaven and Hell. Entries by February 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 882

Set by William Whitebait

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of not more than sixteen lines in the manner of Pope celebrating a Test Match as an occasion of friendship and good will between two peoples.

Report by William Whitebait

The surface manner of Pope was—as one might expect—caught by the great majority of competitors. Good lines were everywhere:

> . . . and may Phœbus grill
> The shirt-sleev'd watchers on the Sydney Hill,
> A fickle band, now tractable, now hard,
> Charmed by a Chapman, by a Jardine jarr'd. . . .

But a little later Mr. Leslie Johnson, the author of these lines, shoots miles away from Pope by exclaiming, "Begone, misgivings! *Vivat* M.C.C.!" And in this, to my great surprise, he is not untypical. More than half the entries, after a flick or two, settled down to celebrate seriously "the occasion of friendship and good will between two peoples." I had meant the words, of course, ironically, and if Pope were alive (like Mr. John Betjeman on a similar occasion a fortnight ago), I am certain that he would have taken them so. At any rate the most Popian lines came without exception from those who adopted this attitude. Between Harry Broadbent and R. J. P. Hewison (who managed to pull in a happy ending) there seems very little to choose, and they share a first prize of four guineas. A second prize of a guinea each to Ralph Instone and Joyce Johnson. Very close after them came Terence Melican, C. E. J., Richard Massie, and F. V. M.

FIRST PRIZE

—— So Discord spoke, and Cricket bowed her head:
She then to Hell, t'other to Melbourne sped,
And gathered all the Daemons of the sport,
The Wrong Decision and the False Report,
The wily imps of the Express dispatch,
The Frequent Claim and the Disputed Catch;
All these and many more in cohorts fly,
Exult with glee, and range the Australian sky.
Ah, mortal men! how hard it is to prove
In face of Hellish power, the power of Love!
Len's leg-before; across the ocean floats
A brisk exchange of diplomatic notes.
Or Don completes, with crafty glide and thwack,
His thousand runs while bonds of Empire crack!
False Cricket smiles, and all her Spirits mock
Westminster Treaty and the Sterling Bloc!

HARRY BROADBENT

What Theme, now *Sol's* attenuated Fires
Your own diminish, *Curio* inquires,
What anxious Theme engages Britain's Sons?
And swoons when told, not Rationing but Runs.
Reviv'd he flies with hasty Logick hence
Seeking the far *Antipodes* and sense,
Only to find, a Hemisphere away,
Men's universal Topick still is Play.
Stands *Hammond* yet? Will light, or Bradman, fail?
The nodding Umpire, or the trembling Bail,
The leathern Boomerang's anfractuous Art—
Whom such grave Questions join, what Seas can part?
What Foes can breach such mutual Interest?
What Friends be prov'd by more exacting Test?
So *Jove* and *Vesta*, watching *Troy's* fierce Strife,
The more, for taking Sides, are Man and Wife.

R. J. P. HEWISON

SECOND PRIZE

. . . Their esoterick Rites, in Order due,
The white-clad *Pilgrims* celebrate anew;
Seeking t' achieve, ere homeward they return,
Their *Holy Grail* (a cinerary Urn)
By mystick *Tests* quintuple, and to stress
Th' Advantages of *Gentlemanliness*.

Lo! One unchosen, turn'd sequacious Scribe,
Against their Leader pens a Diatribe;
Whilst each Decision of the *Arbiter*
Is judg'd by its Recipient to err.
Forsooth, can Emissaries such as these
Bind *England* closer to th' *Antipodes?*
Let other Men draw Comfort from the Thought
That ruling Empires is a British Sport!

RALPH INSTONE

See how sweet Concord now presides the lawn
Where only stumps, and never swords, are drawn.
Shaking the dust of battles from their feet,
Two rival captains for the Ashes meet.
Th' opposing teams, turning from Mars to Matches,
Forgetting bombs, drop nothing worse than catches;
While batsmen, who would threat'ning Fate commute,
Make boundaries that none would dare dispute.
Could only statesmen catch this friendly vision
And all abide th' impartial swift decision!

JOYCE JOHNSON

Appointments Vacant

CIVIL Service Commission. Applications invited for appointment to temporary post of Psychologist at Civil Service Selection Board, Stoke D'Abernon. Post, which is open to both sexes, will be filled by competitive interview. Duties connected with the selection of candidates for higher appointments in Home Civil Service and Foreign Service. Candidates, who should be of specialist or consultant status, must possess good honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Practical exp. in vocational Psychology, incl. interviewing, desirable; and some acquaintance with testing procedures and relevant statistical techniques will be an advantage. Sal. £800-£1,000 for men, and £640-£825 for women, fixed within those ranges according to age, qualifics. and exp., but figures quoted may be somewhat exceeded in favour of candidate with outstanding qualifics. Intending candidates may obtain further information and applic. forms by written request to Sec., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns., W.1, quoting No. 1779, to be returned not later than Feb. 28 (for candidates in the United Kingdom), or March 31 (for candidates overseas).

CIVIL Service Commission. Applics. invited for post of Head of Establishment, Survey Production Centre, R.E., Hanwell, London, under War Office. Men only can be considered. Qualifics. reqd. are University hons. deg. in engineering or science or equivalent qualificn., and knowl. of and practical exp. in control of work in following fields; geodesy, particularly as applied to mapping, long range missiles, and aerial navigation; map construction and cartography; process photography, incl. colour separation; lithographic reproduction. Following qualifics., although not essential, would also be of considerable value: practical exp. of use of maps and charts in field by Army and R.A.F., knowl. and exp. in trigonometrical and topographic surveying (incl. surveying from air photographs). The post is pensionable, sal. £750 by £30 to £900 p.a. Under present arrangements additional payment is made ranging from £90 at min. to £105 at max. Application form obtained from Sec., Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns., W.1, quoting No. 1777, to be returned by Feb. 15.

THE Sec. of State for the Colonies invites applics. for post of Sociologist for survey of factors bearing on the problem of Nutrition in the Gambia. Sociologist required to undertake intensive survey of one or two villages and more extensive survey of larger area. Appointment for two yrs. from April, 1947. Sal. £700-£1,000 p.a. according qualifics. Candidates should forward details of qualifics., which should include good degree, and exp. of sociological or anthropological research, to Sec., Colonial Social Science Research Council, Palace Chambers, Bridge St. S.W.1, by Feb. 10.

THE Sec. of State for the Colonies invites applics. for post of Economist for survey of factors bearing on problem of Nutrition in the Gambia. Economist required to conduct overall survey of economy of Gambia, and more intensive survey of a particular area. Appointment for 18 mths. from April, 1947. Sal. £700-£1,000 p.a. according to qualifics. Candidates should forward particulars of qualifics., which should include good degree and exp. of economic research, to Sec., Colonial Social Science Research Council, Palace Chambers, Bridge St., S.W.1, by February 10.

ST. Pancras Borough Council. Applics. invited from suitably quald. and expd. persons for whole-time appointment of Information Officer in Grade VIII of Administrative, etc., Division, under the Natl Joint Council's Scheme of Conditions of Service, the salary scale for which is £645-£25-£720 (incl. of London Weighting) plus appropriate cost of living addition. Must either have held a similar post with another local authority or have a comprehensive knowledge of all matters appertaining to local government, and have had admin. exp., especially in relation to public information work and all aspects of publicity. Duties include organisation and administration of the Council's recently formed Information Service including possible future extensions of that service to cover other parts of the Borough; the dissemination of information on matters of a general nature as well as on all aspects of the Council's work; liaison with public through the local and, where necessary, national press, and various local organisations and bodies, and such other duties as may from time to time arise or may be determined by Council. Appointment will be subject to bye-laws and regulations of the Council relating to officers and provisions of the Local Government Superann. Act, 1937. Successful applicant will be reqd. to pass a med. exam. by the Council's doctor. Appointment determinable by one month's written notice at any time by either party or the payment of one month's salary in lieu of notice. Applicant must disclose, in writing, whether related to any member of the Council or to any holder of a senior office. Canvassing of members of Council, directly/indirectly, is strictly prohibited. Candidates reqd. for interview will be communicated with. Travelling exps. paid in accordance with Natl. Joint Council's regulations and scale of allowances. Applics. by letter, endorsed "Information Officer," stating age, qualifics. and exp., tog. with copies of 3 recent testimonials, must reach R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd. N.W.1, by Feb. 12.

MANAGERESS (or two people to share management and cooking) will be needed in April for School Inn (unlicensed) conducted by Cttee. of Ackworth School mainly for convenience of school visitors. Full partics. from Bursar, Ackworth School, nr. Pontefract, by whom applics. should be received by Feb. 15.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIV. of Melbourne. Dept. of Psychology. Applications invited for: (i) Two Senior Lectureships in Psychology. Salary range £650-£850 p.a. (Australian), plus £48 p.a. cost of living adjustment, according to qualifics. and exp. One of these posts is in Psychopathology and the other in Industrial Psychology. (ii) Two Temporary Lectureships in Psychology. Initial period three years. Salary range £500-£550 p.a. (Australian) according to qualifics. and exp. Posts are in the field of Industrial and General Experimental Psychology. Reasonable travelling exps. will be allowed. Further partics. from Sec., Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 24 Gordon Sq. W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. in Melbourne, Feb. 25, 1947.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, N.Z. Applics. invited for Senior Lecturer in English (Department of English Language and Literature). Sal, 1st yr., £750; 2nd yr., £800; 3rd yr., £825 (max.). Further partics. from the Sec., Universities Bureau of British Empire, 24 Gordon Sq. London, W.C. Applications by Feb. 28.

YORKSHIRE Rural Community Council. Asst. Secretary, man/woman, reqd. to assist in general work of Council. Knowledge of rural life and an interest in Social and Educ. problems essential. Comm. salary £350 p.a. with superann. scheme, and travelling exps. in addition. Partics. (stamped add. env. reqd.), from Secretary, Yorkshire Rural Community Council, 9 Minster Yard, York, who will receive applics. up to Feb. 15.

ST. Pancras Borough Council. Applics. invited from suitably quald. persons for whole-time post of Deputy Information Officer (Female) in Grade IV of Administrative, etc., Division of the Natl. Joint Council's Scheme of Conditions of Service, the sal. scale for which is £440-£15-£485 (incl. of London Weighting) plus appropriate cost of living addition (at present £48. 2s. p.a.). Must possess degree in Sociology/Diploma in Social Science, and have had wide exp. in Social Welfare and good knowl. of public information work. Appointment will be subject to bye-laws and regulations of Council relating to officers and provisions of the Local Government Superann. Act, 1937. Successful applicant reqd. to pass medical exam. by the Council's doctor. Appointment determinable by one month's written notice at any time by either party or payment of one month's salary in lieu of notice. Applicants must disclose, in writing, whether related to any member of Council or to any holder of a senior office. Canvassing of members of the Council, directly/indirectly, is strictly prohibited. Candidates reqd. for interview will be communicated with. Travelling exp. paid in accordance with National Joint Council's regulations and scale of allowances. Applics. by letter, endorsed "Deputy Information Officer," stating age, qualifics., and exp., together with copies of three recent testimonials, must reach R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1, by Feb. 12.

COUNTY Borough of Rotherham. Educ. Cttee. Child Guidance Clinic. Applics. invited for post as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work under direction of Educational Psychologist. Should hold a Mental Health Cert. or approved equivalent qualific. and pref. should have had exp. of work of Child Guidance Clinic. Salary £320 p.a. by annual increments of £20 to max. of £480. Prev. exp. in similar post will be taken into account in determining comm. salary. Further partics. from J. A. Mair, Director of Educ., Education Offices, Rotherham, to whom applics. by letter should be forwarded by Feb. 11.

L.C.C. Reqd. at George Rainey Residential School for Delicate Secondary Girls, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, qualified assist. mistress (resident). Sal., Burnham scale, plus two increments carried beyond max. of scale. Emoluments of board, lodging, washing and medical attendance in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hrs./at weekends. Other things equal, pref. given to registered disabled persons. Applic. forms from Education Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed envelope necessary), returnable by Feb. 14.

WILTSHIRE C.C. Educ. Cttee. Youth Service. Applics. invited for permanent appointments as Leader-Organisers in Malmesbury and Trowbridge. Officers appointed, working under local cttees., responsible for general development of Youth Service activities in respective towns, including setting up of Youth Club or Youth Centre. Some training essen. and relevant exp. desirable. Sal. on scale £285×£15×£300 according to qualifics. plus cost of living bonus at present 23s. p.w. for men; 18s. 6d. for women. Further partics. and application forms from Director of Educ., County Hall, Trowbridge. Candidates who have already made applics. for temp. Youth Service posts in County need not repeat their applications.

KINGSTON-UPON-HULL Educ. Authority. College of Art and Crafts. Principal: S. I. Hemming, A.R.C.A.(Lond.) Reqd., to commence duty as soon as possible, full-time lecturer and studio instructor. Should be member of the R.I.B.A., pref. with degree/diploma of recog. School of Architecture. Prev. exp. in lecturing on architectural subjects, or professional practical exp., desirable. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale. In fixing the initial salary, account will be taken of time previously spent in teaching and in professional practice. Partics. of appointment, and applic. forms (which must be returned by Feb. 15), can be obtained on receipt of a stamped add. foolscap env. from Director of Education, Educ. Offices, Guildhall, Kingston-upon-Hull.

Appointments Vacant—continued

WILTSHIRE C.C. Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Welfare Officer on staff of Educ. Dept. Sal. £360, rising by annual increments of £15 to £405 p.a., plus temporary war bonus at present £48 2s. p.a. Applics. should possess Social Science Diploma and some exp. in dealing with children boarded-out in foster homes under Poor Law Act, 1930, and Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, also desirable. Further partics. from Director of Educ., County Hall, Trowbridge.

UNIV. of Leeds. Dept. of English Language and Literature. The Council will shortly make an appointment in English Literature either on the Assistant Lecturer Grade (initial sal. £400-£450) or on the Lecturer Grade (£550-£25-£900). Further partics. may be obtained from Registrar, University, Leeds, 2, by whom applics. should be recd. by Feb. 15.

L.C.C. Physiotherapist (woman) reqd. at Cane Hill Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Coulsdon, Surrey. Must be regd. with Chartered Socy. of Physiotherapy. Salary in accordance with recommendations of Joint Negotiating Cttee. on Salaries and Wages (Hospital Staffs)—£300, rising to £360 p.a. (scale under review). Comm. salary according to exp. If otherwise suitable, pref. given to regd. disabled persons. Applic. form, returnable by Feb. 17, from M.O.H. (I), Mental Health Services, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (37.)

ESSEX C.C. Social Welfare Dept. Resident Foster Parents (Married Couple) reqd. at Harold Wood Hall Boys' Home, Nr. Romford, Essex. Salaries £100-£10-£120 and £100-£10-£110 p.a., plus war bonus. To work under resident Superintendent and Matron among 40 healthy boys who attend local schools. Foster Father should be interested in outdoor sport and in training boys from 3-15 years. Apply to Chief Social Welfare Officer, Waterloo Lane, Chelmsford, Essex.

THE Pioneer Health Centre, Peckham, desires to appoint an expd. medical woman 30-35 yrs. of age. Apply Secretary, 8k, Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1.

ASSIST. Teacher, Speech and Drama, reqd. April. Visiting connection. Non-res. Apply Miss Godwin, The Studio, Church House, Oswestry, Shropshire.

TEMPORARY woodwork master for Co-educational pioneer school. Good craftsman and disciplinarian. Possibly suit candidate awaiting emergency training. Games and outdoor activities a recom. Box 5300.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Holborn. Assist. required for social work at Holborn Youth and Social Centre. Practical exp. club work desirable. Sal. according to age: Men £239 16s. at 21 rising to £389 16s. at 30; women, £192 at 21 rising to £312 at 30. Applics., giving age and qualifics., to Town Clerk, Town Hall, High Holborn, W.C.1.

STAFF—teach., secret., dom., gard., resid. or non-resid., full or part-time—wanted now or before next Sept. by well-known progr. co-ed. school, long estab. and now expanding, Hampstead area. Good sals. and conditions, govt. superan. Box 4981.

KEEN experienced Zionist wanted to organise political work in Leeds and district. Good prospects for right man. Apply Hon. Sec., Leeds Zionist Council, 307 Chapeltown Rd., Leeds, 7.

WARDEN for Girls' Model Residential Club, London. Expd. catering, staff management and youth organisation essential. Sal. £250 and all found. Box 5329.

APPLICS. invited for following vacancies in office of National Institute of Industrial Psychology: Reports Typist—good typist, knowledge of shorthand not essential, for preparation of industrial reports from manuscript. Junior Shorthand Typist, Receptionist Telephonist. Salaries according to age and exp. Applics. to Secy., N.I.I.P., Aldwych House.

"TOWN and Country Planning" reqs. shorthand/typist in Editorial/Public Relations Depts. Prog. post for girl with ability wishing gain exp. in press and magazine prodn. work. Comm. sal. £4 10s., 5-day wk. Write: Editor, 28 King St. W.C.2.

JUNIOR Clerk reqd. for Publications Section at headquarters of the Central Council for Health Education. Sal. £156-£182 p.a., according to capabilities and exp. Apply within 7 days to: Medical Adviser and Secy., C.C.H.E., Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq. W.C.1.

CONGENIAL woman reqd. pref. with some cooking exp., to help in farm guest house. Own room and good wages. Also man and wife reqd. Man for gardening and gen. wk., wife to assist in house. Smll. flat, gd. wages. Write: Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge, Sx.

RESPONSIBLE Person, speaking German, wanted by mother and daughter living in small mod. flat, S.W.16. Daughter out all day. Gd. simple cooking/housework, live out or accom. provided; gd. wages and conditions. Write Box B.684, c/o Streets, 110, Old Broad St. E.C.2.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 13 Princes St. Cavendish Sq. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S./Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Expert Temp. Sh./Typs., and Telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 95a Praed St. W. Padd. 1123 (eight lines).

Appointments Wanted

INTERESTING post reqd. by single man with commercial (purchasing)/engineering exp., 34, Public School, good at figures, organising, corresp., methodical, tactful, keen motorist, photography, travel. Box 4717.

Appointments Wanted—continued

EXPERIENCED Sec. reqs. part-time work. Wide exp., including publishing. Box 5137.

LADY, domesticated, reliable, trustworthy (with son aged 5) desires responsible post with good salary in small hotel, school, etc. Expd. admin., caterer, receptionist, cook; or wd. take entire charge of household/children. S. Coast pref. with good school facilities. Box 4766.

SOLICITOR wishing to change employment seeks interesting post where legal trng. useful. Political, lit. interests. Sal. not first consideration if work congenial. Box 4636.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

FURNISHED room to let pleasant flat, Belsize Park. Box 5526.

LARGE furn. room in bachelor's Hampstead flat, 65s. a week incl. heat, light, kitchen, cleaning. Box 4748.

VACANT sitting-room, bedrm., bathrm., kitch., w.c., fully furn., linen, plate, china, etc. 1 min. Ken. High St. Stn. £8 8s. wkly. Box 5328.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

PARIS au pair. Cultured Paris household offers hospitality exchange ditto French student London. Box 5390.

EXCH. s.c. flat in small Bloomsbury Sq. for house with garden to rent in/nr. London. Box 4372.

EXCHANGE: Yng. family offer s.c. flat (5 rms., k. & b.), W.2, £90 p.a., for house, gdn., sim. accom. and rent, 1 hr. London. App.: Rickard, 23 Paddington Grn. W.2.

ACCOM. required by professional woman—pref. Central London. Board and lodging or share of flat. Box 4762.

PROF. Lady needs accom. country nr. Sevenoaks, Seal or Otford; bd.-resid., flat, bungalow/cot., gdn., garage avail., mod. rent, might purchase. Boro' Green 250. Box 4753.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Will owners of house too large for themselves let 3 unfurn. rooms, with kitchen and bath (or use of it), to elderly cultured couple? Box 4693.

NOW in U.S.A. Want desperately to come home, but need sml. furn. house/flat, at least 2 bedrms. in or nr. London, fr. April-May for 3-6 mths. 3 daughters, eldest 3. Mod. rent. Greatest care of furn. etc. Gd. refs. Will some kind person please help? Box 3998.

Where to Stay and Restuarants

FOLKESTONE. Accommodation available in small private guest house; good food, personal supervision. Winter terms fr. 4 *gns.* 15

PENARTH, Vegetarian Home. Rectory Rd. (S. Wales coast). Rest, change, relaxation. Ideal sitn. Plsnt. hol. resort. Overlkg. sea. Attractive catering. Permanent Guests. Mod.

BEXHILL-on-Sea. Cosmos House, Park Rd. Private hotel, h. and c. rooms, central heating, comfort and good food. From 5 *gns.* Apply special winter terms. 2 mins. Pavilion, 1 min. sea. Tel. Bexhill 2270.

PAYING Guests—long/short periods. Quiet comfortable easy atmosphere. Elec. fires bedrooms. Exc. food. 1 mile Camberley Stn. 600 yds. golf club. 4½ gns. wkly. Box 4261.

PENRALLT, Trefriw. Hill-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, heart of Welsh mountains. Remote position nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Good food. Friendly, informal atmos. 4/5 *gns.* Bonner, Llanrwst 166.

WARDREW House Hotel, Gilsland, Carlisle. Hadrian's Wall, golf, trout fishing. Exc. cuisine. 15s. per day. Nursery facilities. Gilsland 215.

CORNISH fishing village, rest, relax, refresh in Terrevean Private Hotel, Portleven 271. Good food, motor yacht.

NEAR Sadler's Wells, Ballerina Rest, 199 Rosebery Avenue. Lunch, tea, dinner.

Schools

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. No vacancies until September, 1949. Apply Head Mistress.

BELVEDERE College, Homefield Court, Seaford, Sussex. Prog. prep. school for boys and girls fr. 5-14. On hill overlooking church. Some vacancies owing to expansion. Principals: Dr. Grunder and Mrs. Grunder.

BUNCE Court School, Otterden, recognised, progressive, co-ed., international, resettled in Kent, Anna Essinger, Dr. F. M. Friedmann.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. Schools for Boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

ETON Avenue Residential Nursery for children up to 5 years. Good food, homely atmosphere, competent and devoted staff. Apply Mrs. Sas, 40 Eton Ave. Swiss Cottage. PRI. 6009.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19. Founder, Miss B. Chambers, M.A. Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

OAKLEA School (recog.), Buckhurst Hill, Essex. Girls 8-18. P.N.E.U., Oxford Exam. Centre. Acting Principal, Beatrice L. Searl.

PROBLEM Children accepted at Sladner Park School, Maidencombe, Newton Abbot, Devon. Prospectus from Tom and Alice Moon.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.